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The Awful Tale of Starvation and Death at El Caney, Illustrated in This Number.



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

## ILLUSTRATED

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HAIL, FREE CUBA!

FROM OUR MARTYRED DEAD ARISE LIFE AND LIBERTY TO THE LONG-OPRESSED ISLE.—BY THOMAS NAST.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Our Christmas Number.

OUR Christmas number will appear under date of December 15th, and will be an unusually attractive holiday issue, embracing, in addition to the regular features of the paper, many special illustrations appropriate to the Christmas season. The number will comprise thirty-two pages, but will be sold at the regular price of ten cents. The best artists and the best writers on our staff will contribute to the Christmas number, and will help make it in every respect one of the best we have ever issued. Orders for extra copies should be sent in as early as possible, in order that we can guarantee a full supply. The edition will be unusually large.

## "Not One Cent for Tribute."

A GREAT many persons in the United States do not want the Philippines, even if we can get them for nothing. Nobody seems to want them if we must pay in cash for them. Spain will only consent to relinquish the islands, it is said, if we will agree to pay for them. It wants \$200,000,000, and rumor has it that the administration is willing to give about \$40,000,000 as a repayment to Spain of moneys spent for the permanent betterment of the Philippines.

It is obvious that the ratification of the treaty of peace by a two-thirds vote of the Senate will be difficult at best, but if the treaty provides for the payment of an indemnity, ratification would seem to be impossible. The offer of an indemnity for betterments in the Philippines will open the door for other demands by Spain. It has already asked us to assume the Cuban debt, is ready to bring in a heavy bill of damages for Cuban filibustering expeditions sent from the United States, another claim for the repayment of the customs receipts at Manila, appropriated by us and aggregating more than \$1,000,000, and a still heavier one for alleged damages caused by our occupation of Manila, after the protocol had been signed and a cessation of hostilities declared. This occupation, Spain asserts, kept her soldiers as our prisoners and restrained the Spanish government from reasserting her sovereignty throughout the archipelago.

If we begin to pay the claims of Spain we will have to begin to borrow, for our cash on hand will be speedily exhausted. Again, other nations may bid against us for the Philippines, and give Spain an opportunity to haggle over the price, on the ground that Germany, France, or England stands ready to pay more than we. This may seem like an absurd contention, but we have learned that nothing is too absurd for Spain to consider, when its alleged "honor" is at stake.

It would seem to most persons as if Spain should heartily congratulate itself that we have not demanded a money indemnity as well as the possession of her colonies in the West Indies and all the Philippines. France had to give to Germany two of the former's best provinces, and to pay a billion dollars of indemnity besides, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. Singularly enough, both France and Germany are now inclined to side with Spain, in its declaration that our terms of peace are needlessly oppressive.

The United States has not been in the habit of paying indemnities to nations with whom it has been compelled to fight. The most popular motto of the country originated many years ago, and read: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." That motto is good enough for all time. The *London Chronicle* states the case in a nutshell when it says: "A war in which the justly vanquished nation receives a solatium of £6,000,000 (\$30,000,000) would be a novelty so great that it must be seen to be believed."

## The Despised Hayseed.

THE interest in the fall elections centred very largely about the result in New York. If the Republicans had lost this great commonwealth, casting nearly one-tenth of the entire Presidential vote, the Democracy would have been inspired to new efforts in 1900. The contest was close and exciting, and the triumph of Colonel Roosevelt was rather personal than political. The State may still be considered as doubtful in the Presidential election of 1900.

The Republican ticket was saved by what is called "the country vote." The cities gave the Democratic ticket its chief support. For years the people of greater New York have sneered at the interference of "hayseed" politicians in legislation affecting cities. Republicans and Democrats have united in throwing "bricks" at the up-country politician. But whenever the Republican party has a hard fight on its hands in the State, its most urgent call for aid is addressed to the country voter, and the "hayseed," in spite of the contumely and reproach that the city "publican and sinner" constantly heap upon him, lays down his hoe and rake and comes to the front with

matchless strength. Colonel Roosevelt, in his speech at the Republican Club banquet, publicly, and very properly, acknowledged his obligation to the rural voter and to the independent Democrat as well. It was a courteous and well-deserved acknowledgment.

## How England Does It.

WE have something still to learn from our English cousins. The Spanish peace protocol was signed over three months ago. Article IV. provided that "Spain will immediately evacuate Cuba, Porto Rico, and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies." General Blanco still rules in Cuba, and his press censor is suppressing every newspaper in Havana that favors the United States. *La Lucha* recently said: "We believe there is no better man than the President of the United States, and we ought to help him." The following day Blanco notified the editor of *La Lucha* to stop his Spanish articles. *Diano de la Mariana*, however, continues to print the most indecent attacks on the United States, declaring in one issue that the whole nation is "governed by rum and ignorance," and no protest is heard.

We have an assortment of mysterious commissions in Cuba—from that of Admiral Sampson way down to that of the ubiquitous and irrepressible Hecker—all understanding that the peace protocol delivered Cuba "immediately" from Spanish misrule, but all still feeling the iron hand of Blanco, and submitting apparently without a murmur.

England does things differently. The other day, one of Blanco's officers struck a British subject for wearing a Cuban emblem as a scarf-pin, arrested him, and sent him to the military governor at Havana. The British vice-consul hastened to Blanco's palace and demanded the instant release of the prisoner. Blanco regretted that he could not interfere, because it was a military, and not a civil case. The British consul thereupon planted himself in Blanco's palace, declaring he would not leave until the prisoner was released. He remained, in spite of persuasion, arguments, and threats, until Blanco communicated with the military authorities and had the British subject set free.

The recent outbreak in Crete, reaching its climax in the slaughter of several British subjects, led to an immediate surrender of the island by the Turkish troops. After a part of these troops had embarked, the Turkish commander interfered and attempted to re-land his soldiers. The guns of the British war-ship were at once cleared for action, the Turkish barracks were surrounded by English soldiers, the commander was summoned and given ten minutes to march out his men and embark them without arms. He obeyed. "Immediate evacuation" meant just what it said. This happened only a fortnight ago.

The Fashoda incident is also fresh in mind. England resented the intrusion of the French and demanded the unconditional withdrawal of Major Marchand from Fashoda. England again "cleared for action," and the French withdrew. A Paris newspaper bluntly confessed the truth in all its bitterness when it said: "We offered England Fashoda and our friendship. She replied, 'Fashoda sufficed.'"

Spain provoked the war with the United States. Our simple and single demand was for fair treatment for Cuba. Had that been granted, there would have been no war. It was not granted. The war came, and the verdict of the court of arms was that Cuba must be free. Spain accepted the verdict, and agreed to an immediate evacuation. Why is not this agreement enforced?

## An Era of Investigation.

It is evident that the approaching session of Congress will inaugurate an era of investigation. Charges affecting the conduct of the war itself, accusations against various departments and by name against sundry officials intrusted with responsible duties, accumulate. It has been sought to make political capital out of some of these charges, but that effort substantially failed, because deep down in the hearts of the people abides a sentiment in favor of fair play. The public prefers to wait the result of official inquiry before rendering its verdict. But the public has the right to insist, and will insist, upon a rigid investigation of every charge worthy of consideration.

The duty of Congress is obvious, and we have no doubt that the chief executive and all his associates will contribute their services to make the investigation entirely satisfactory. Among these accusations is more than one in regard to army and navy contracts. For some reason not clearly understood, the very responsible and exacting task of leasing and buying transports and other vessels required for the use of the government was committed, not to army and navy officers, upon whom such a duty would naturally devolve, but to an individual called from the ranks of private life and intrusted with the expenditure of millions of dollars.

The transport service was probably one of the worst that has been criticised. It is said that transports were purchased and rented at the most exorbitant prices; that in some instances steamers which were claimed to have a speed of sixteen knots, and which were bought on that basis, while carrying the troops were never able to exceed thirteen knots; that these steamers were hired at extravagant rates per diem, but were not placed under the command of naval officers, and that their commanders deliberately planned to delay their voyages so as to extend the period of the lease to the utmost. The history of the score of transports which went to the Philippines was most discreditable to those who were responsible for the fulfillment of their contracts, and the owners of comparatively worthless vessels readily got rid of their property by selling it to the government at extraordinary prices.

These charges are of such a nature that a rigid investigation is demanded. And the end is not yet, for it is said that an organized cabal of politicians of both parties has long since planned to secure from the government concessions and contracts in our new possessions that will yield to the favored ones enormous wealth. Nothing would be so destructive of the success of this administration as failure to prove the innocence of those who have been unjustly charged with guilt, and to prove the guilt of those who are responsible for squandering public moneys or for needlessly sacrificing noble lives.

## The Plain Truth.

A DISCLOSURE, the effect of which will be far-reaching, was made before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, at a recent meeting in New York, by Mr. A. A. Knudson. He said that practical experiments had shown that the flow of electricity from trolley lines of street-cars was exercising very damaging influences on the elevated structures and the system of water-pipes in New York City. He added that the injury inflicted by these escaping currents on public works in England had compelled the establishment of regulations in that country to prevent damage in future, and that similar legislation would inevitably be required in the United States. He insists that a practical test should be made in every city where a trolley-road using a ground return is in operation, so that damages by electrolysis to water and other pipes, as well as to bridges and other iron structures, may be arrested and finally controlled. The prevention of the threatened damage is simply a question of the additional expense required to provide an insulated metallic return system, so as to confine the electric current to its own conductors instead of utilizing the ordinary ground return.

At last some one has been able to tell who was responsible for the bad management of affairs at Chickamauga Camp. General Joseph P. Sanger, the commander of the Third Division at Chickamauga, testified before the investigating committee that "Congress is really to blame for the failures of this war, and until that body passes laws under which an army can be maintained and managed, giving commanders absolute command over their men and their maintenance, and putting all supplies under one department, and otherwise simplifying the methods, we will be in the same condition if we have a war in the future as we were in this. There was not an inspector-general in the army who did not know that we would have the trouble we have had. It was freely discussed for months before war was declared." No doubt General Sanger is right, but Congress cannot be punished, as a body, for its deeds of omission or commission. The blame can be, should be, and must be, put upon those who are directly responsible. The shifting of it upon those who are indirectly responsible will not do. We are promised that the army commission, which has returned to Washington, will not whitewash anybody. We warn them that it must not.

The Omaha exposition, which closed at the end of October, passed through a trying experience. When the Hon. E. Rosewater, publisher of the *Omaha Bee*, took the matter in hand, two years ago, no one could have foreseen the possibility of a war with Spain. But the excitement of the war came just as the exposition buildings were in process of erection, and for a time many doubted whether the affair could be carried through to a successful conclusion. But there was life, pluck, and energy behind the project. The great city of Omaha and the great State of Nebraska had the backing of all the magnificent and growing Northwest, and the result was one of the handsomest and most complete expositions that the country has ever seen, with some features—especially that of the Indian village—which will never be reproduced. It is a pleasure to know that the exposition has proved a financial success. Its receipts were over \$2,000,000, and its expenses about \$1,450,000. The surplus will be divided among stockholders. The number of visitors was 2,625,398, and but for the war excitement, this would have been largely increased and the affair would have been an enormous success. Its projectors deserve to be complimented on their remarkable achievement.

Those who have watched New York politics must be amused by the remarkable change in public sentiment in greater New York which came about with the approach of election day, regarding the so-called Force bill. Governor Black had been asked at the special session last summer to interfere with the management of the police department of greater New York, on the pretense that it had been reorganized by the Tammany mayor in the interests of unfair elections. The Governor very properly refused to violate the well-established principle of home rule, but he gave his consent to a bill which would place the supervision of the elections, in part, in the hands of bi-partisan supervisors. The Governor was denounced by many persons, including some Republicans, for having favored what was improperly called "a Force bill." With the recent approach of election day, alarm was created by reports that repeaters were being colonized in Tammany's strongholds, and at once the very men who had been foremost in denunciation of Governor Black's so-called Force bill sought to avail themselves of the broadest supervision which it authorized. The result was one of the cleanest elections ever held in the city. There was no clash with the police authorities, and the wisdom and good judgment of Governor Black were again handsomely vindicated.

It is said that a retired Warsaw financier, Mr. Bliokh, is really responsible for the remarkable invitation of the Czar of Russia to all the great nations of the world to meet and consider the question of general disarmament. Mr. Bliokh has written an exhaustive book on "The Coming War," in which he argues that European armies are now so large that they are beyond the practical limits of transportation and commissariat facilities; and that it would be impossible for any general efficiently to direct such an enormous force as Russia, Germany, or France commands. Mr. Bliokh argues in favor of a reduction in the armies of the great nations, on the ground that their relative strength could be maintained even if the aggregate number of men in the field was largely decreased. He advises that an international arbitration court be created, to have final jurisdiction over all questions affecting the peace of the world, and power to subject any State that refused to submit to its decision, to a sort of boycott, by other nations, in its trading, postal, telegraphic, and other facilities. Further than this, he would punish newspapers which undertook to criticize the awards of this international court, or which printed unauthorized rumors or reports concerning the progress of the court's proceedings. No doubt the Czar was specially pleased with the final conclusion of Mr. Bliokh that, if his plan were adopted, Russia would eventually control the world. The book gives evidence of the remarkable influence of literary minds upon the purposes of our greatest rulers.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE "People's Palace," in Jersey City, where, under the direction of Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the Tabernacle Congregational Church,



REV. JOHN L. SCUDDER.

young people are taught dancing, is described by Mr. Scudder as "an entirely secular institution operated under church auspices." "Some people," he says, "think we do things we ought not to do, because those things are not exactly churchly. We aim to keep young persons out of temptation and away from evil resorts." Plays are given, with full scenic effect, in the People's Palace, and opportunities are offered to those who care to play billiards, pool, basket-ball, and other games.

There are in the palace a gymnasium, bathing-tanks, and a nursery. "As young people will dance," observes Mr. Scudder, "and as we are opposed to promiscuous dancing in public halls, we allow dancing at our receptions, and it is carefully guarded by chaperons. No improprieties or scandals ever occur. We give dancing-lessons, too, and show young people what proper dancing is. The classes are very popular, and the instruction is conducive to grace in manner and carriage. Our efforts in this direction are thoroughly appreciated by poor young men and women." The day nursery of the palace every year takes care of children at the rate of five cents a day, including food, for each. This care enables the mothers to go out and earn their daily bread. Without this department many poor families would be disrupted. Last summer more than 14,000 free baths were given at the palace.

—The stand taken by Governor David M. Clough, of Minnesota, during the Indian uprising required courage. Immediately upon the outbreak among the White Earth Indians Governor Clough petitioned the War Department for assistance. Orders were issued, but the next day were revoked. Governor Clough then proceeded to show the War Department of what metal a Western Governor is made. He expressed his opinion of that body in a wealth of plain Anglo-Saxon intended to make its members squirm, threatening to issue a State call for volunteers, to arm them with what guns he could pick up,



GOVERNOR DAVID M. CLOUGH.

and to "let the government go to the devil." This message was sent to General Corbin, who referred it to the President, who expressed his respect for the Western executive by advising the department to station troops throughout Minnesota in such numbers as to allay all apprehension.

—At the personal request of Captain Evans, known as "Fighting Bob," he has been relieved from the command of his splendid battle-ship, the *Iowa*. He has served longer than the time required by the regulations in practice for a captain to command, and is therefore entitled to be relieved and to assignment to some other service. His splendid record is one upon which he can well afford to stand with satisfaction. The new commander of the *Iowa*, Captain Silas W. Terry, was formerly in charge of the receiving-ship *Franklin* at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and has an excellent record as a first-class naval officer. He



CAPTAIN SILAS W. TERRY.

has charge of the *Iowa* on her journey with the *Oregon* around the Horn to Manila, via Honolulu. If any occasion arises for the *Iowa* to get into action it will be found that Captain Terry is a worthy successor of "Fighting Bob."

—Since the historic evening of February 15th, when Sergeant of Marines "Bill" Anthony saluted Captain Sigbee on the deck of the *Maine*, and had "the honor to report, sir, that the ship is blown up and is sinking," the sergeant has had more fame than he cares for. He is a middle-aged man, of quiet ways, to whom the discipline of the service has become a second nature. At the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he is now stationed, he does his duty methodically and satisfactorily. He dislikes being pointed out as if he were, as he puts it, a "curiosity." Recently, he was united in marriage to an estimable young woman residing in New York City. The sergeant took great pains to prevent knowledge of the marriage from reach-

ing the reporters of the daily papers. His precautions failed, because the friend who took upon himself the duty of advertising the marriage wrote, contrary to instructions, after the name William Anthony, the significant words, "sergeant of marines." This was enough for the reporters. They again wrote the story of Anthony and his heroism at the time of the blowing up of the *Maine*, and they also added narratives of his courtship which the sergeant declares were distinguished for lack of veracity. He has decided that he wants to be obscure, and he quickly makes that desire manifest in language which is plain to any reporter who approaches him.

—The portrait of her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen, seen at the "private view" held at the studio of Wilhelm Heinrich Funk, No. 41 Union Square, New York City,



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

was painted by him at the request of her Excellency during the spring, when Mr. Funk was a guest at Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General of Canada at Ottawa. The portrait represents her Excellency full length, and in the attitude of calling a meeting to order. In her hand she holds the gavel presented to her by the Council of Women of Canada. It rests on a table made of Irish wood, used by her during her sojourn at the world's fair, at the Irish village. The other hand hangs easily at the side, among the folds of her rich blue velvet dress. The nobility and expression of her face, with its soft gray eyes and ruddy, rich complexion, are well brought out in the portrait, which is a marvelous piece of the master art. On the table is a small bell made from the metal from which was made the great bell given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen to a church in Scotland upon the saving of Lord Hoddo, their eldest son, from drowning. There are also the books of the Council of Women of Canada, for whom the portrait is intended as a farewell present from her Excellency, who founded the association. Mr. Gladstone's face looks out from its frame on the same table, the ever-devoted, loving friend of all Aberdeens. This splendid portrait will hang in the banquet hall of Government House, where every subject may look at the face of the great woman who has for five years been unceasing in her devotion to her people and her country. The Aberdeens will leave Canada in November, and the Earl of Minto will be their successor for the following five years.



LADY MARJORIE GORDON.

—The accompanying portrait is of Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter of Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General of Canada, and represents her in her riding-habit. She holds in her arms her favorite dog, "Grit," a present to her from the late William Gladstone, England's greatest statesman. Lady Marjorie has inherited much of the talent of her mother and much of the latter's ability for writing. Although she is but sixteen years old, her articles have greatly interested those who have read them. There is not an outdoor sport in which she is not proficient and has won many prizes.

—To Massachusetts belongs the honor of being the only State that fitted out a hospital-ship during the recent war. It was known as the *Bay State*. The work was done by the Massachusetts Volunteer Aid Association, which also raised \$200,000, by voluntary contributions, to expend for the best welfare of the Massachusetts soldiers and the United States regulars. The signal success of this association was due in large measure to the tireless industry of the Hon. E. S. Draper, of Hopedale, Massachusetts, of the well-known and wealthy manufacturing firm of George Draper & Sons. Mr. Draper is one of the



HON. E. S. DRAPER.

most prominent men of Massachusetts. He comes from one of its oldest families, and has been conspicuous in many forward movements in the interests of the commonwealth. It is an open secret that during the Republican National Convention in 1896, when he was chairman of the Massachusetts delegation, he was the principal aid of Senator Lodge in the successful effort made to have a gold-standard resolution adopted. Mr. Draper married a daughter of the late General Benjamin H. Bristow, of New York, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Grant, and Kentucky's candidate for the Presidency in

1876. Recently Mr. Draper and his brother, George A. Draper, presented an imposing church, to be known as the Draper Memorial Church, in honor of their father and mother, to the Hopedale parish. He is one of the young men of whom the State of Massachusetts may well feel proud.

—The Hon. James Doyle, the mayor of Victor, Colorado, is one of the lucky men of his times. He went to the famous Cripple Creek mining district in Colorado in 1891, with hundreds of other impecunious prospectors, only to find that nearly every foot of the best portion of the mining district had been located. He discovered, however, a small unlocated piece of ground, covering about nine-tenths of an acre, which apparently had been neglected as unworthy of notice. He sunk a shaft and struck a rich vein yielding as high as 139½ ounces in gold to the ton. He kept his discovery a secret as



HON. JAMES DOYLE.

long as he could, and then had to fight for the retention of his property. He became one of the most wealthy men in the district, and is very popular, not so much because of his wealth, but because of his public spirit, which has done much for the promotion of the best interests of the Cripple Creek gold country, especially in the little city of Victor, of which he is the chief executive by the unanimous choice of its citizens. He was first elected mayor in April, 1896, by the Citizens' party. He declined to accept a renomination, but last April he was named by acclamation and was elected without opposition. He has been a model mayor, and one of his most popular achievements has been the construction of a water system by which Victor is assured of an adequate supply of a pure and wholesome drinking fluid.

—It was rather a bold challenge on the part of the distinguished novelist, Hall Caine, to invite the clergymen to visit the Knickerbocker Theatre, in New York, at a special performance of "The Christian," and pass criticism upon it, and it was even a little bolder in the distinguished author, at the close of the third act, to deliver an address from the stage in defense of the theatre as a moral force. The applause that followed Mr. Caine's remarks indicates that he won his side of the case. "The Christian" is certainly a play that appeals to the religious sentiment of the people. Those who have read the story will appreciate this fact. But they cannot appreciate it as thoroughly as they could if they had seen Miss Viola Allen's sympathetic and appreciative personification of the character of *Glory Quayle*, the young woman who, inexperienced, untried, but crowned with virtue, leaves her quiet rural home, to meet in London rare success as a singer in a concert-hall, and to meet, also, the worst temptations that beset the stage. How she meets these, and how *John Storm*, the clergyman who loves her, finally redeems and wins her, all make up a series of dramatic incidents peculiarly adapted to forcible depiction on the stage.

—The career of no living American reads more like a romance than that of the present Secretary of State, at Washington, John Hay. Born in humble circumstances, developing literary aspirations in his youth which at first evoked the ridicule of his friends, drifting into the newspaper profession, attracting the attention of President Lincoln and becoming his private



SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY.

Photograph by Clineinst.

secretary, finally winning the highest praises from the critics for his poems and stories, marrying in a wealthy family, and establishing himself in position and power, there was then little left for his ambition to conquer. The offer of the mission to England was a personal compliment from his friend President McKinley, and promotion to the office of Secretary of State was a recognition both of his cheerful personality and his ability. Mr. Hay could write a book of personal reminiscences that would delight every American.



UNIFORMS AND TYPES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.—PLATE IX. UNMOUNTED CAVALRY.

Figure 1. Tropical uniform of buff linen drill; blouse has five buttons, four pockets, yellow cloth facings; trousers to match, brown gaiters and campaign hat. Figure 2 wears waterproof overcoat. Figure 3. Regulation uniform of blue; blouse of dark-blue cloth, trousers of lighter shade cloth, campaign hat.

*Type X., next week, will show the uniforms of a group of the rough riders.*





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## SOLDIERS' TALES OF CAMP AND FIELD.—II.

HERO OF BROOME COUNTY AND HIS MEDAL—CHARGE OF FALSIFICATION IN THE QUININE SUPPLIED FOR SOLDIERS—THE SHOOTING OF WILLIAM PRAEGER—COLORED CAVALRYMAN BRINGS DOWN A SHARPSHOOTER—COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S REMARK ABOUT HIS PRESIDENTIAL CHANCES.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

STANDING by the entrance to the Seventy-first Regiment Armory was a young soldier smoking a pipe and watching the groups about him with good natured interest. On his breast was a gold medal, quite an elaborate affair, and I asked him how he got it.

"Why," he said, "it was presented to me by the people in my town because I happened to be the only boy in Lestershire who went to the war. I guess I was the only boy in Broome County who went."

I asked him where Lestershire is, and learned that it is three miles west of Binghamton and boasts the largest shoe-factory in the world; also a washer-factory, a paper-box factory, a felt and brush factory, and an excellent fire department. It was on the day of the firemen's parade that the medal in question was given, with speeches and general jollification. No need to ask this young man's name, for there it was, in heavy gold letters, George Earl Russell.

"Folks up in Lestershire generally call me Earl," he said.

"I suppose you're a much more important person now, up home, than you used to be?" I ventured.

His eyes twinkled at this. "Guess I am," he remarked. "I was working in a carpenter-shop when the war started, and they weren't calling on me for any speeches then."

"Did you have to make a speech when you got the medal?"

"I had to try; they wouldn't have it any other way. All I did was to thank the people and say I was better at shooting Spaniards than at talking. They applauded a whole lot, and I sat down."

"Were there ladies there?"

"I should say there were, and girls, too—about all the town could turn out—and they came up and shook hands with me just as if I was Roosevelt, or somebody like that. And they sent me any amount of good things when I was sick."

"Did you have the fever?"

He nodded as he sucked at his pipe. "Three months of it."

"Did you get hit?"

He nodded again. "Yes, here in the leg, with a spent ball. I wear it now on my watch-chain. See? I had just gone down

right to present it now publicly for investigation. It is evident that a shameful wrong has been done if there really was tampering with this most efficient agency for combating fever.

Before leaving young Russell, I am glad to add, as showing that valor and grit pay well in the long run, that a gentleman connected with the West Shore Railroad has taken so much interest in this lad as to promise him an excellent position in the company's service at Buffalo. So here we have a young man, scarcely of age, who finds himself acclaimed as a hero by all his towns-people, presented with a precious souvenir that will honor his name as long as he lives, and lifted from the obscurity of a carpenter-shop to a salaried position with a great concern, all because he was not afraid to do his duty when the hour of danger came.

"Would you go to Cuba now," I asked, "if it was to do over again?"

"Yes, in a minute," he said—"only I'd like to have a peck at the Cubans next time, instead of the Spaniards. Those are the fellows I've got no use for."

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Going inside the armory I passed many soldiers busy with the work of "mustering out," and up stairs in the gallery I came upon others sitting about, idly spinning yarns, or watching some men in sweaters, on the drill-floor, pass a foot-ball back and forth. Here I met Private C. J. Coons, and got a little incident from him that is worth narrating. It was on the morning of the big advance, the famous 1st of July, and the regiment was coming on toward San Juan hill in lines of fours. In one line were four New York boys—Fred Shaw, William Praeger, Botts and Coons. Just before they reached the creek they were told to lie down and let the Sixth Infantry pass, and these four friends huddled themselves close together under a mango-tree, for the Mauser balls were coming down like rain.

What they talked about is of no special moment; indeed, they talked very little, but presently among the zip-zip-zip-zip sounds that hissed about them came a dull spat, the sickening sound of lead against human flesh, and Praeger cried out in distress. Praeger was a Hollander by birth, a lad about twenty-two. He

"I remembered, though, a little silver medal that Will used to wear round his neck; so I felt for the cord and pulled it out. There was the name, sure enough, and there was the man—what was left of him. I had just a minute or two to stand over the boy in the moonlight and think of the good times we had had together, and then I smoothed the blanket over him and patted him on the shoulder and said, 'Good-bye, Billy, old boy,' and went ahead with my work. I haven't seen anything in the whole war that hurt me more than that did."

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In another part of the armory I found some men in the hospital corps, of whom eighteen went to Cuba with the Seventy-first. Among these was Dr. Robert Froelich, who told me a good sharpshooter's story.

"It was on the morning of July 2d," he said, "and I was going down the Savilla road toward El Caney, when I came up with a detachment of artillery that pretty well blocked the way. One of the men sung out to me to keep my eyes open for sharpshooters, who were picking off soldiers all about. I had gone on a hundred yards or so when I heard the peculiar *bee-ee-ee* of a low-flying ball, the dangerous kind—quite a different sound to the *bee-ee-ee* of a ball singing over your head, which can't hurt you."

"I dropped down quick behind a gun-carriage and studied the trees to find out, if I could, where that ball had come from. Just then a big buck nigger came down the road whistling as if he was going to a ball. He carried a carbine and a lot of water-bottles. I was just thinking that he had better be careful, when a bullet sailed past his head so close that he must have got the wind of it. And he hadn't taken three steps more before another bullet came by closer yet."

"Dat man's gettin' real pesky," I heard the nigger say, and then he threw himself on the ground like a football-player making a hard tackle. And as he crouched he, too, studied the trees, and I could see that he was an old Indian fighter and knew the tricks of the business. For two or three minutes he never moved nor made a sound; then he sprang up as suddenly as he had gone down, and fired his carbine as a man would drop



SEVENTY-FIRST BOYS AT MESS IN THE ARMORY—IN THE FOREGROUND, WEARING MEDAL, IS GEORGE EARL RUSSELL.



GROUP OF HOSPITAL CORPS—MEN OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

a ways from the San Juan hill, carrying a dead man to the rear, when they got me. It didn't amount to much, though. I hardly knew I was hit at the time."

"That's like me," said a corporal, who had joined us. "I got shot through the calf of the leg and didn't know it for three days afterward. You see, there on the field we never had a chance to undress, and I thought the blood on my leggin was mud."

"It's queer," said Russell, thoughtfully, "how a man can have a bullet go into him and not know it; it must be the excitement of fighting. Let's see, this is the first of November, isn't it? That makes four months since the San Juan business. Well, there's a Seventy-first man here in this armory who had a bullet taken out of his knee only to-day, and that was the first he knew of its being there."

"Bullets are better than the fever every time," said the corporal. "Look at my hand shake. I've got a chill coming on now, and I've got to go on guard in half an hour."

Russell recommended a certain big gray pill for the corporal to take; he said it was a lot better than quinine, and then both men fell to abusing that much-administered drug. The Lestershire boy declared he had taken forty or fifty grains a day for weeks at a time, until he was nearly crazy with it, and his head singing like a Sunday-school. And the corporal claimed to know, on best authority, that a great fraud had been worked upon the army in this quinine matter, since quantities of "fake" pills had been supplied by contractors, there being only a thin layer of quinine on the outside with sugar and flour within.

"I know a doctor in Binghamton," he said, "who analyzed a lot of quinine pills that came from the army, and found there was hardly any quinine in them. That's a nice deal, isn't it? Somebody made thousands of dollars on it, and fever-stricken soldiers had to pay for it."

It is no doubt unwise to receive statements of this kind with too ready credence, but this report of falsification in the quinine supply has come to me from so many sources that I think it

had worked on a milk-route in New York and was popular among his fellows; something of a wit, indeed, and much in demand for comic stories. At the same moment another bullet struck and Shaw cried out. His case was bad enough—a Mauser bullet had gone clean through his left ankle and landed in the right one, but this was a scratch to Praeger's hurt. The bullet that reached him cut through his left shoulder from behind and came out of his right breast; as they lifted him they saw it lying there on the ground, slightly reddened.

"Charlie, I'm killed," said Praeger.

"Where are you hit, Will?" asked Coons, leaning over his comrade. But Praeger could not speak.

"I'll take him," said Botts, springing up regardless of danger; and forthwith he lifted Praeger in his arms, and as he did so a second bullet struck the wounded man and passed clean through his body on the side of the left lung. Thus, with a dying man on his shoulders, Botts staggered back for three hundred yards and laid Praeger by the roadside in some shade with a blanket over him. The order had come for the charge, meantime, and, having performed this duty of friendship, Botts remarked, coolly, "Now I'll see if there's a bullet on the hill waiting for me," and charged after the others. A few minutes later he was shot through the leg.

"Botts never saw Praeger again," said Coons, "but I did. I got through the fight all right; they never touched me, and that night, about two in the morning, after digging trenches until my back was nearly broken, I went down the hill with a detail of men to look for blankets. It was a beautiful night, with the moon shining bright in a clear sky. There was light enough to read large print by, and I knew I could recognize my poor friend if I could find him. So I got Botts to tell me where he had left Praeger, and finally managed to make out the place. But the face was already so much changed that I was not sure it was he. A few hours under that burning sun makes all dead men look alike, and if you have ever seen one of those bloated, blue-black faces you never want to see another."

a pistol, like a flash, without taking aim. At least, I don't see how he had time to aim, but instantly after the shot I saw a disturbance in a very tall cocoanut palm, and presently, as I watched, I saw a rifle drop from the branches, and then a dark body come tumbling to the ground, a clean fall of fifty feet.

"Guess dat's one moah foh me," said the nigger, and without further interest in the matter he picked up his water-bottles, which had fallen to the ground, and went on down the road, whistling as before.

"Ef you boys wants dat Spanish gen'lman you can have him," he called out as he started off, and two or three of us hurried to the spot where the sharpshooter had fallen. Some of them said he was a Frenchman; I don't know how they made that out, I only know that he wore a tight-fitting skull-cap and had two large palm-leaves pinned over his breast, so as to give better concealment in the tree. Up there in the crotch was a little platform which had supported him, and on it was food and water. We found about four hundred Mauser shells strapped about the body, and he would doubtless have used every one of them on us, if our colored friend hadn't stopped him. I don't think I ever saw a quicker or prettier shot than that."

Dr. Froelich told me of a meeting with Colonel Roosevelt on one of the hills about Santiago that is worth mentioning in connection with the colonel's aspirations toward office.

"How do you do, Mr. Roosevelt?" said the doctor, addressing the rough rider as a citizen, not as a soldier.

"How do you do, doctor?" answered the colonel, and gave him a good hand-shake, as befits when two New-Yorkers meet at a time of crisis. Not that this was a moment of special danger, for it was about the 5th or 6th of July, and the worst was over.

"I suppose," said the doctor, "that this business will make a President of you?"

Colonel Roosevelt looked him steadily in the eyes, and then, as if scornful any evasion, replied: "No, I don't think so; the



war will be too short for that. It would require several skirmishes like the one we have been through to win me so much popular favor. And, between you and me, if we had several more like this one I would never be candidate for anything except the Day of Judgment. I should certainly be killed."

Just then a newspaper man joined them and asked the colonel if it was true that a medal was to be voted him by Congress for his bravery.

"I have heard that it is true," said Roosevelt, "but I don't want any medal unless the people think that I deserve one."

(To be continued.)

## An Engine of Destruction.

BUILDING THE NAVY'S SWIFTEST, DEADLIEST "MOSQUITO"—A VERITABLE TERROR OF THE SEAS.

IN the ship-yards at Morris Heights, within earshot of the class-rooms of the University of New York, a hundred men are hammering and banging into being an iron "mosquito." With a deafening noise, that frightens horses along the Speedway on the opposite shore of the Harlem River, the workmen are spreading and nailing an iron skin over an iron skeleton. This marvelous insect will be the swiftest and deadliest of its kind on the



THE NEWEST, FASTEST, DEADLIEST TORPEDO-BAT DESTROYER—PICTURE SHOWS ITS PECULIAR STERN.

face of the waters of the world. Here is a mastodon "mosquito," measuring 206 feet from tip to tail and nineteen feet from side to side. It will weigh nearly 500 tons, and its propelling power will equal that of 8,000 horses. It will have stingers in the form of six guns—two twelve-pounders and four six-pounders, each one capable of stinging twenty times in a single minute.

Its bite will destroy, instantly, the leviathan ship of any nation; for it has two mouths, each in the form of an eight-inch torpedo-tube, and two sets of teeth, each tooth being in the form of a 200-pound lump of gun-cotton. Moreover, this "mosquito" will be able to pursue and overtake any ship in any navy; for it will be one of the fastest of sea-insects. Its two wings will be directly under its stomach. They will be in the form of propellers which, making 330 revolutions a minute, will enable the "mosquito" to fly a mile in one minute and forty-five seconds, or thirty-five miles an hour. Uncle Sam calls this winged thing of iron the *Bailey*, and in the Navy Department it is classed as a torpedo-boat destroyer.

Next to the fact that this destroyer will be the swiftest boat in the United States Navy, its most remarkable features are its stern and the location of its propellers, which, as I have said, are "under its stomach." This means that instead of being in their usual place 'way astern, the propellers are about midway between the point known as amidships and the stern. This, and the peculiarity of the stern itself, are parts of the scheme upon which the builders found their guarantee that the boat will attain a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. The peculiarity of its stern is that its bottom will lie on the surface of the water. In other words, about thirty feet of the *Bailey*, at the stern, will have no draught, but will simply float on the water's surface like a board. This is a stern of a unique kind; no ship in Uncle Sam's navy has a rear end like it.

The destroyer's twin screws will be driven by two triple expansion engines of the four-cylinder type. Steam will be supplied by four boilers of the kind known as the Seabury water-tube—the first to be used in any ship-of-war. These water-tubes in the *Bailey*, if laid in a straight line, would extend a distance of thirty miles. Few can appreciate the power of these engines, for they develop a driving force for this vessel of only 50 tons, four-fifths as great as that required to propel a 11,500-ton battleship, like the *Iowa*, at a rate of sixteen knots.

The care and proper management of such machinery and boilers and the navigation of such a craft require the highest kind of skill. To make the most of her at top-rate speed demands the greatest precision in judgment from every member of her working complement—from the navigating officer at the wheel to the stoker in the hold. To fall overboard from the *Bailey* when she is going at full speed will surely mean a broken neck, the effect of such a fall being the same as from a "limited" railroad express.

The officers and crew of the *Bailey* will number, all told, sixty men. And the ingenuity used in providing accommodations in which these three-score men are to be tucked away in this iron "mosquito" is amazing. For the crew there is, of course, a tiny fore-castle; and for the officers, state-rooms aft.

But if the *Bailey* ever gets under fire you shudder when you think what will happen to the men within that frail body. For the torpedo-boat destroyer is an engine only of offense, and is entirely unprotected—unless her capability to run away can be considered a protection. Along throughout the boiler-space the sides will be lined with several feet of coal—she will carry only 100 tons of coal, all told—affording, as long as it lasts, a mild protection against light-gun fire, but of no practical shelter against the heavy, armor-piercing, explosive shells. Once a shot gets in, once the boilers are pierced, what will be the fate of the men in that fury of scalding steam? And again, when a shot pierces the engine-rooms, when a shell shatters mechanisms that thrust back and forth 800 times a minute—of course everything within reach will be ripped open.

It is obvious that a war-ship of this kind cannot be placed in the hands of raw and inexperienced men. Uncle Sam already has his eyes fixed upon certain tried and true officers and "jackies" to man the *Bailey* the day she is put into commission. The service on such a boat will necessarily be much harder than ordinary sea service, the periods of rest much shorter and more irregular on account of the small number of men, and the nervous tension almost inconceivable. The mere vibration from this destroyer when driven through the water at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour will, at first, cause faintness and seasickness, even among the oldest tars.

As the guardian of narrow passes, as a patrol in shallow waters, a sentinel in rivers and bays, the *Bailey*, like her sister-destroyers, will be singularly fitted. And the vessel may, in the future, fill some important naval breach at a critical moment, in that she can take a desperate chance which, in case of failure, will result only in moderate loss.

As a destroyer, the purpose of such a craft is plain. But it is in her mission as a torpedo-boat that her fiendish activity will be greatest. Under cover of darkness, silently and stealthily, she will creep upon her prey, her boilers quivering with their rising pressures, and her torpedo-tubes loaded and trained at the proper angle. Then, if still undiscovered and within firing range, bang! will go her torpedo, with its 200-pound burden of gun-cotton; and certain destruction of the enemy's ship will follow. But what if discovered? Simply tear on through a probable storm of

shot and shell, delivering, in passing, the charges of her torpedo-tubes. Such will be the supreme moment, or moments, in the life of this dreadful "mosquito"; such will be her opportunity to bite with all her deadly earnestness.

This particular torpedo-boat destroyer will have two objects—to make a torpedo more effective, and to run down and destroy ordinary torpedo-boats. Such a boat must avoid observation as far as possible, and therefore should not be conspicuous. It must offer a poor target to an enemy's guns, and therefore should be small. It must escape pursuit, and therefore should be swift. The *Bailey* answers all these requirements. She is practically a large-sized torpedo-boat carrying a light battery. Her great strength and seaworthiness will permit her to go anywhere in any weather. The boat will draw only eight feet of water. In compass she will considerably overreach anything now building or built in this country or abroad. There is the usual turtle-back forward. There are two conning-towers, one on the forecastle-deck and one 'way aft, and from either of these the vessel can be steered. On top of each of the conning-towers there will be a twelve-pounder rapid-fire gun. The boat will be lighted throughout by electricity. There will be fine ventilating arrangements in the shape of numerous blowers. All wood-work will be fire-proofed, and the decks will be covered with linoleum instead of the usual planking.

The builders of this soon-to-be-famous "mosquito" are the Gas Engine and Power Company and the George L. Seabury Company. For the boat, complete, without armament, they are charging the government \$210,000, an amount which they say only covers the cost, leaving no margin for profit. But the company probably finds the trouble worth while, for there is to be considered the advertisement that will result from having built the fastest boat in the navy. She will be ready for her trial trip in December; and unless the trial answers to the specifications in every particular, the boat will become as a white elephant on the hands of the builders—unless, by special act of Congress, they are allowed to try again to build a "mosquito" that will sting, that will bite, and that will fly, in accordance with Yankee Doodle's demands.

GILSON WILLETS.

## The Soldier's Dirge.

THEY placed his cap and sabre by,  
And wept, "He was so young to die!"  
The years swept on, and gray and spent  
Those mourners on their biers were bent;  
The tombstone's marble knew each name,  
But lips forgot their praise or blame.  
That sabre lost its shining hue,  
The cap its tint of loyal blue;  
Yet, underneath the sweet spring sky,  
New hands strewed flowers that young grave nigh,  
And lips still breathed the soldier's name.  
His cause immortal made his fame,  
And young and old oft paused to sigh:  
"So young, so gloriously to die!"

CAROLINE WETHERELL.

## Far Rougher than Foot-ball.

THE FRESHMEN'S FIGHT FOR A CANE—JUST WHAT A FIERCE CANE-RUSH IS.

SINCE the institution of the American college, away back in the last century, the freshman has been denied certain privileges enjoyed by upper-class men. As early as the beginning of this century he was forbidden by the verbal law of college customs to smoke a pipe or carry a cane. Recently, the innovation of the cane-rush has determined the question. On the sophomores devolves the duty of enforcing these laws, and their haughty method of making their demands naturally causes ill-feeling between the two classes. This culminates in the "cane-rush" which takes place every fall.

The accompanying illustrations show different stages of the "rush" as it happened at the New York University this year. The hour set for the struggle having arrived, the students pour



THREE FROM EACH CLASS ON THE CANE.

from the class-rooms and come streaming across the campus to the scene of contest. Here the sophomores and the freshmen are lined up facing each other, ten yards apart. Between these two lines three picked sophomores and three picked freshmen are stationed, with a firm grasp on the coveted cane, presented to them by the junior class. Leaders of the classes go along their respective lines exhorting their men to fight to the bitter end. All being in readiness, a senior steps into the ring with pistol in hand. There is momentary silence, and you can see the firm, eager expression on the faces of both sides.

At this moment the pistol cracks, and the opposing classes, which had been straining forward poised on their toes, launch themselves ahead to the assistance of their class-mates. There is a moment of rushing and a crash. They have met. Then follows a conglomeration—a chaos of bodies, arms, and legs, squirming, kicking, tearing, and ripping indiscriminately to reach the cane. Freshmen are pulled out from underneath by the heels; sophomores are dragged out from the pile; both recover themselves, and with a rush and a jump have dived again into the middle of the mass. Men on the bottom begin to smother. Some have to let go of the cane and struggle for air.



THE "SCRIMMAGE."

Others, ground down into the earth, only cling more desperately. Each man is straining to reach the cane at the bottom of the heap. Furious at resistance, some become reckless and use violent means of procedure, but are quickly withdrawn from the pile by upper-class men and put outside the lines.

The struggle continues unabated for five minutes, then the pistol cracks and the upper-class men stream forward and haul the entangled and loose men off the heap in any way they can, until the half-dead men below are brought to the surface, all but those who undeniably have their hands on the cane being removed. The hands are counted, and all are in suspense to hear the result. A wild cheer from the freshmen announces them as victors. They march jubilantly around the campus taunting the sophomores at their defeat. But it is a hard-earned victory, as their bloody faces and torn clothes testify. "The freshmen win by a score of eleven to ten," is the official announcement, and the students retire to their respective departments after as exciting a five minutes as is ever given a human being to witness.

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How to do over 150 things of interest to men, women, and children is told in the wonderful little book called "How," just issued, and sold for ten cents by the Arkell Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. One reader writes: "I would not take ten dollars for the book if I could not get another like it."





PACIFICO FAMILIES ARRIVING AT SIBONEY, SEEKING FOOD AND SHELTER.  
 Photographed by J. C. Hemmett. Copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.



CROWD AROUND THE CHURCHYARD GATE AT CANEY, WAITING FOR FOOD.



STREET SCENE IN CANEY.

## THE STARVING REFUGEE

THE CROWDS OF SUFFERING HUMANITY THAT FLED FROM SAN





WOMEN AND CHILDREN REFUGEES CARRYING THEIR HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS FROM SANTIAGO TO CANEY.  
Photographed by J. C. Hemment. Copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.



A PITIFUL SIGHT—AN OLD COUPLE FLEEING FROM SANTIAGO TO CANEY.  
Photographed by J. C. Hemment. Copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.



HUNGRY WOMEN AND CHILDREN ANXIOUSLY WATCHING THE COOKING OF FOOD IN THE CHURCH.



DESTITUTE CHILDREN ASKING AID AND OFFERING TRINKETS FOR SALE TO OUR SOLDIERS.



REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO CROSSING THE STONE BRIDGE ON THE WAY TO CANEY.

## REFUGEES AT EL CANEY.

AT FLED FROM SANTIAGO BEFORE ITS SURRENDER.—[SEE PAGE 430.]





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AT FLED FROM SANTIAGO BEFORE ITS SURRENDER.—[SEE PAGE 490.]



## What I Saw in the War: No. 4.—A STARVING MOB FIGHTING FOR FOOD.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF THE NON-COMBATANTS FROM SANTIAGO—THE REFUGEES DECEIVED BY THE SPANISH COMMANDER—ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND HUDDLED IN THE LITTLE TOWN—WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIGHTING FOR FOOD LIKE PACKS OF WOLVES—FILTH AND DISEASE ON EVERY HAND—NOBLE WORK OF THE RED CROSS—HEART-RENDING APPEALS FOR FOOD—A BABY STARVES IN ITS MOTHER'S ARMS.

BY JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

EL CANEY was a little town of about 300 people, and it is impossible to imagine over 20,000 being huddled together in its narrow streets and crowded houses, and yet this was the case when the refugees were allowed to leave Santiago before the bombardment.

When the artillery were finally placed, with their long, brown fingers pointing toward the doomed city, the American commander showed compassion for the helpless non-combatants by allowing them to withdraw to a place of safety, although by so doing he made the chances for an early surrender grow smaller. Every one saw this, and every one in the Fifth Army Corps knew that by relieving the Spanish forces of their non-combatants they were in a better position to withstand a long siege; and yet I do not think there was one in the whole American force who regretted that it was done.

General Shafter was not compelled to allow the women and children to withdraw. Napoleon fired upon a crowd of helpless women and children to drive them back into a beleaguered city. By the rules of warfare, General Shafter could have kept these people in Santiago, so that by feeding them the Spanish forces would have been embarrassed for supplies. Women and children were not allowed to withdraw from El Caney before the bombardment and storming of that place, as by doing so we would have apprised the enemy of our intention of attack. During one of the early truces it was arranged that the women, children, foreign consuls, and, in fact, all non-combatants, should withdraw to El Caney July 4th, and stay during the period of the bombardment and siege. When they began their pilgrimage to a harbor of safety from the shot and shell of the American guns they presented a pitiful but wonderful sight. They left Santiago by the same gate that a few days later the victorious generals entered—by the Caney road across the famous "stone bridge," and past the old French manor.

There were truly "all sorts and conditions of men." All classes, from the most aristocratic Castilians to the lowest type of Cuban negroes, every shade of color, every rank of society, every costume known to the island, from a richly-built gown to the total lack of any clothing. They came alone, by twos, by families, in crowds, all making a procession that crowded the broad road from Santiago to Caney. A few of the better class rode in carriages or on two-wheeled carts, but the great majority walked, carrying with them great bundles of their household goods, clothing, and in many instances some pet. Some carried birds in cages, parrots perched on their shoulders, monkeys chattering at the ends of their chains, and a multitude of dogs of all sizes and colors, but of no breed, trotted along with the procession.

Old men and women who did not seem to have enough strength to walk staggered along under great bundles of personal effects, putting them down every few yards to rest. Some of the families were of the upper class of society, and their rich dresses were in strange contrast to the great majority of the refugees. We had not seen a well-dressed woman for so long that they were almost curiosities as they trudged along the road under lace sun-shades and in light, fluffy dresses that we might expect to see at a summer resort.

Some of the great throng were happy, laughing and gay, while others were wailing and bemoaning their fate at having to leave their homes; some sullen Spanish sympathizers, but for the most part they displayed a surprising amount of American patriotism, which was, of course, all put on with the idea of protecting their holdings from the horrible Yankee, that they had been taught to so utterly despise and fear. One little girl of about sixteen was carrying a Spanish uniform hat. I asked her to let me look at it, and she handed it to me rather reluctantly, evidently thinking I would keep it. There was a tell-tale hole in the crown and the straw was saturated with blood, and great tears welled into her beautiful black eyes as I examined it. I handed it back and she put it under her mantilla, and there was no need of any queries, for it was merely a question of what relationship the poor chap had been to her.

There was one big, fat negro woman carrying a flat bundle of clothing on her head, and on top of it was perched a little black, naked baby, yelling at the top of its voice from fright; in each hand the mother carried a smaller bundle. It was a weird procession, this twenty odd thousand people, and you could find anything in their bundles but food. When they were informed that they might leave Santiago, General Linares told them that there would be no necessity of taking any food with them, except to supply them for a few hours, as they could return to the city the next day. Some of the refugees told me that this information was put in the form of an order, and that they were not allowed to carry any provisions away, even if they had any to carry. He also informed them that the Americans had great supplies of food awaiting them at Caney.

I had just drawn three days' rations and my haversack was full when I went over to Caney to see these people from Santiago, to endeavor to learn the true situation in the city. As I rode up to the crowd a well-dressed woman stepped up and said she was very hungry and wanted something to eat. I did not realize that there were thousands of others in similar plight, but thought it was but an exceptional case of one being temporarily away from the supplies. I had no more than reached my hand back to unbuckle the flap of my haversack, when I was surrounded by a wailing crowd crying for food and motioning to their mouths, showing their hunger. In a jiffy my supply was exhausted, and it was like pouring a cup of spring water to relieve the ocean of its brackish flavor. I held out my hands to show I had no food left; I shouted "No more," and even turned

out my empty haversack to prove my assertion, but still they clamored for food, and it was then that I realized that this crowd of people were actually starving. I rode forcibly through the crowd and escaped their heart-rending appeals for food, but as I rode on, every step toward Caney brought more evidence of their hunger and helplessness.

In the plaza in front of the church was such a crowd as is impossible to describe; it was a rabble of all sorts of people, black and white, men and women and children of all sizes, all classes and conditions, and showing all degrees of humor. Every available spot had been taken, and here and there some families had erected temporary shelter with boughs of trees. Every room in the little town was crowded to suffocation by those who had been the first to arrive. The court-yards of all the dwellings were also crowded, the hills surrounding the town were dotted with little camps. The foreign consuls had taken various buildings for their headquarters, and had hung out huge national banners. The English, French, Russian, German, Swedish, Austrian, Chinese, Japanese, and others were represented, and the flags presented a very picturesque appearance. In fact, there was every flag one could think of except the Spanish and our own. We had taken the former down on July 1st, and as we never formally occupied the town of Caney our flag was never raised. Here and there Catholic priests were working to alleviate the suffering of the people, and were ministering to the sick and dying. They worked nobly, these black-robed men of the church, and many a suffering mortal owes his life to their help.

The refugees got along fairly well the first day, for many of them had food enough for twenty-four hours, and there was a large quantity of fruit, mangoes, pineapples, and coconuts to be had, but with the dawn of the second day they began to suffer. Captain Stewart Brice, of General Shafter's staff, appeared on the second day with two wagon-loads of army rations, but these were hardly a morsel for such a crowd. He took possession of a building on the plaza and commenced the distribution of the supplies, consisting principally of hard bread, and then followed such a scene as might be expected of a pack of hungry wolves, but not of human beings. There was an attempt at order in the distribution, but one might as well have attempted to order the tide to cease flowing. They fought, scratched, and bit each other like dogs. Well-dressed women fought with paupers, women struck each other, and children were trampled in the fight for food. A rope was stretched about the commissaries, but it was broken like twine. Hundreds and hundreds surged about Captain Brice and his associates, who vainly endeavored to fight them back. When those nearest received a handful of bread some one else would snatch it from them, and thus throughout the entire crowd they were fighting everywhere.

In consequence of the arrangement, which was absolutely unavoidable, a few of the people were served with, in some cases, more than enough, but the whole supply was exhausted, and with no appreciable effect upon the ravenous crowd. As I walked about the town there were evidences of suffering on every side. Fever and, in fact, all sorts of sickness had made their appearance, and there was absolutely no medical service. There was no attempt at any sanitary arrangement, and the mango-peelings, refuse of all fruits, and filth indescribable made an unbearable stench that bred disease on all sides. The water supply of the town came from a little brook that flowed through one side of the village. Children were bathing in it, women washing their clothes, and this same water supplied the drinking-water of the place.

In addition to all of this, the half-buried bodies of the Spanish soldiers had been in the ground about a week, and produced a horrible odor. It seems impossible to conceive that human beings could live in such filthy surroundings as there were at Caney while the refugees occupied the town. In the old church were a large number of wounded Spanish prisoners, guarded by a detachment of the Tenth United States Cavalry. They were too badly hurt to be moved and several of them had various forms of fever. A Cuban doctor came to me and "confidentially" told me that there were two well-developed cases of yellow fever in the church, and said we must not let any one know, or it would create a panic. I told him to keep still about it and asked him how many more he had told, but he declared I was the only one; but all the rest of the day some one would turn up every few minutes with the information that the doctor had told them "confidentially" about the fever. He had told every one who would listen to him and told each one that it must not get out or it would create a panic. The inhabitants of the town at that particular time were too hungry and weary to care for fever or anything else, however, and his peculiar methods of obtaining secrecy did not do the damage that they would ordinarily.

At the side of the church was a little yard, surrounded by a stone wall. It was above the rest of the ground by several feet and only approached by stone steps from the front or by a side-door from the wing of the church. In this yard I found Mr. Bangs, of the Red Cross Society, hard at work making a meal mush for the children. The noble man gave his life for this work, for he contracted fever from this foul place and died. Mr. Bangs had found a huge kettle, and was making a mush of oat-meal, corn-meal, sugar and corned beef. It was a mixture made up for the occasion, but it was just what the children, and in fact all, needed, but the process was very slow, owing to the fact that there was only the one kettle. Having remembered seeing a couple of these kettles when in Caney after the battle, I

started out in search of them. I found one in the court-yard of the building occupied by the French consul. They were using this kettle, nearly three feet deep, to boil one little chicken. It was probably all they could find to cook in, but considering they were cooking for about four people and we wanted it for hundreds, I told them we would have to take it. Then commenced such a conglomeration of protests in French, Spanish, and English as would have done credit to the Midway. The French consul protested in such a violent manner that I began to think it was a matter of international consequence, and "absolutely forbade" the removal of the kettle, as it was his by right of discovery. Somehow, the appearance of four big, husky, colored troopers of the Tenth Cavalry seemed to change his mind, and he instantly changed base, and even assisted in its removal.

I found three other kettles and soon had them in position. Then we wanted wood and wafer, and announced to the crowd that to each one who would bring us a bucket of water or a bundle of wood we would give a portion of the "soup" when it was finished. Almost before we had done speaking there was enough fuel and water to have supplied us for a week handed up over the wall, and each person was shouting for us to take his load. The scheme worked altogether too well, for the following half-hour was a scene of fighting over buckets of wood and pails of water. Some, who did not have large receptacles, would bring what they had. Some even handed up small cups of water, although most of the supply was spilled in the scramble to get it to the wall. To obviate the confusion Mr. Bangs made a lot of tickets by cutting up the oatmeal-boxes, and gave each one who brought water or wood, that was accepted, a ticket for a portion of food. This worked beautifully until they began cutting them in two and getting double portions.

It took about half an hour to cook the mess, and it took about five minutes for six of us to distribute it, and all the time hundreds of hungry people were clamoring—yes, more than that, they were fighting—for a chance to get at a portion of the food. They all had a dish of some sort to get their food in, and they used these dishes as weapons. They struck each other over the head in their wild attempt to get to the front. Women and children, weak from hunger, fainted and were trampled in the mad rush. I could think of nothing like it so much as dropping a piece of meat to a pack of hungry wolves. They were not human, they lost all semblance of human beings in their actions; they were actually animals, and nothing more.

The upper and refined class was not included in this rabble, for, as one gentlewoman said to me when asking for food, "I can't become one of that crowd to fight for my food. I should starve first." It was the poorer class, the rabble of the city, such as we in this country do not know. Mr. Bangs decided to feed the very small children, and announced the fact, and we gathered about 200 in the yard, and found them harder to control than the grown people. We stretched a rope, and they came under and over it and swarmed about the kettles. I took a stick and drew a line in the sand, off one corner of the yard, and announced that all must get back of that line, and the last one over would be put out and get no dinner. A scramble ensued that was immensely amusing, and instead of there being a "last" one, they were all first. Then I announced that the ones who stepped across the line before they were told would get no *comida* (food), and that line in the sand was then as effectual as though it had been a five-strand hot barbed-wire fence.

Time after time these five kettles were re-filled with food for the famished refugees, and we worked over them until late into the night, serving all that we could prepare, and yet it seemed a hopeless task, considering the thousands that were there. At about five in the evening the British consul, Mr. Ramsden, who since died of fever which he undoubtedly contracted in this filthy place, came to the church and asked if we could not give him something for himself and family. He said they had absolutely nothing to eat, and had had nothing since early in the morning. It brought it right home when one of our own blood was suffering from want of food. We gave him a couple of cans of roast beef and what hard bread we had left, and he hid this under his coat so that it would not be seen as he went out, because he said that he had not the heart to refuse, and he was sure to be besieged if the crowd saw it.

I walked over toward Mr. Ramsden's temporary consulate with him, and as I came back a young woman with a tiny baby in her arms came up and addressed me in perfect English, although she was undoubtedly Spanish.

"Will you not give me some milk for my baby?" she begged, with tears streaming down her face. "He is only a few weeks old, and yet has had nothing to-day, and unless he can have some milk in a couple of hours he will die." She fondled the tiny child in her arms, and the anguish pictured on her face was really terrible.

"There is no milk here," I answered, "but some may turn up soon." And yet I knew only too well that there was none nearer than Siboney, over ten miles away, and with no possible way of getting it.

"But my baby will die," the poor mother wailed. "I do not care for myself; I am starving, but I don't care. It is for my baby."

Yet there was no food for that little one, and I heard of the half-demented mother, the next morning, carrying the little lifeless body about, crying and moaning and refusing to put it down. It had starved in her very arms while she was helpless. Yet this was only one case in many.

(To be continued.)

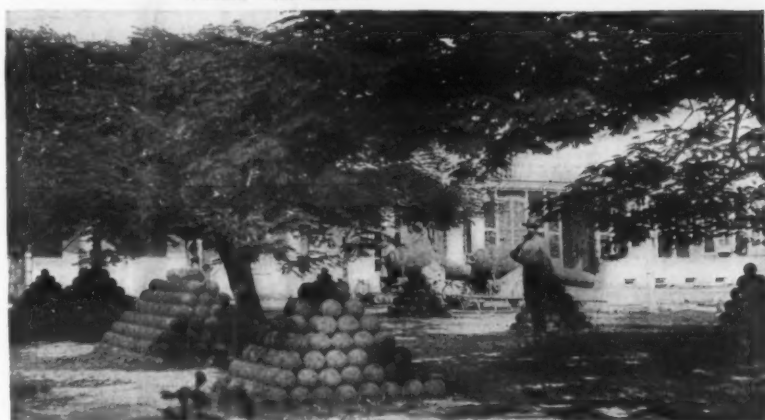




INTRENCHMENTS AT MALATE, CONSTRUCTED OF SUGAR-BAGS FILLED WITH EARTH.



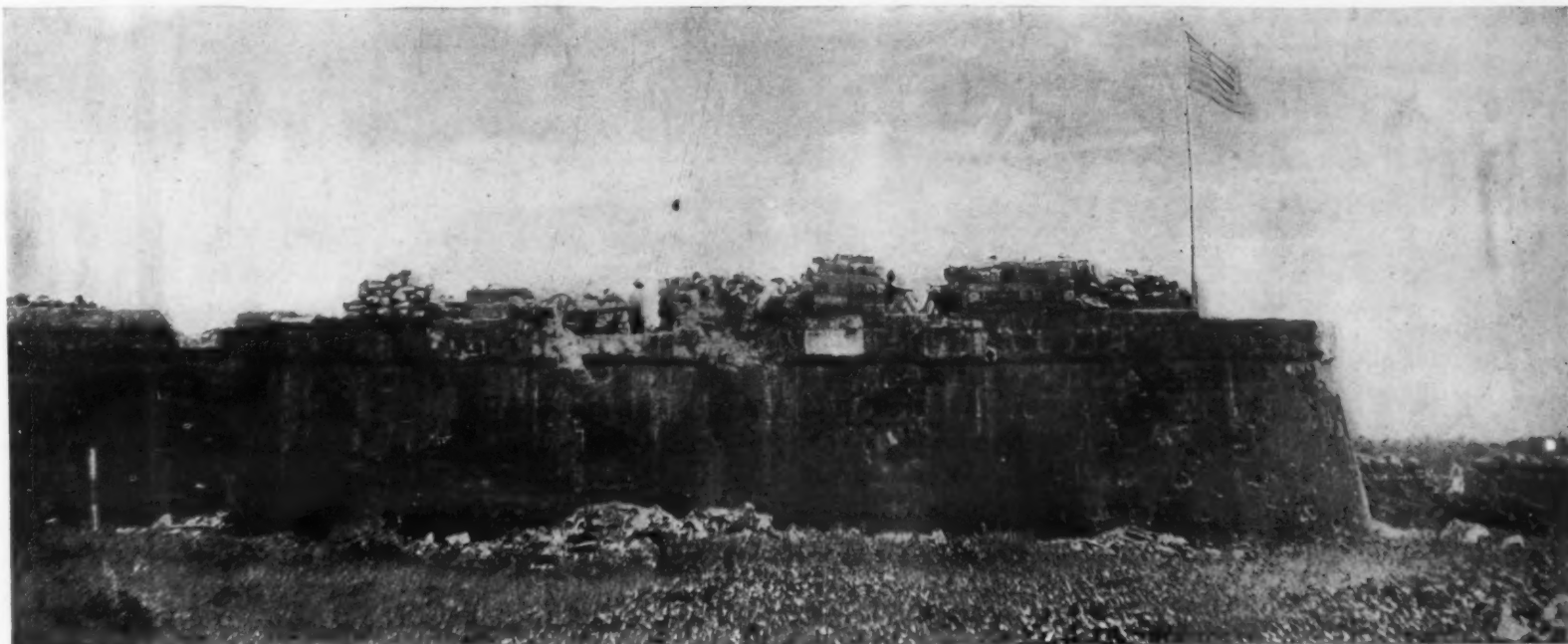
THE FAMOUS WALL AROUND CAVITÉ, SHOWING HANDSOME GATE IN BACKGROUND.



SCENE IN THE CAPTURED NAVY YARD AT CAVITÉ.



IN THE ARSENAL AT CAVITÉ.



HOW DEWEY'S GUNS LEFT THEIR FATAL MARKS ON THE FORT AT MALATE.



HAVOC WROUGHT IN THE FORT AT MALATE BY A SHELL FROM THE AMERICAN FLEET.

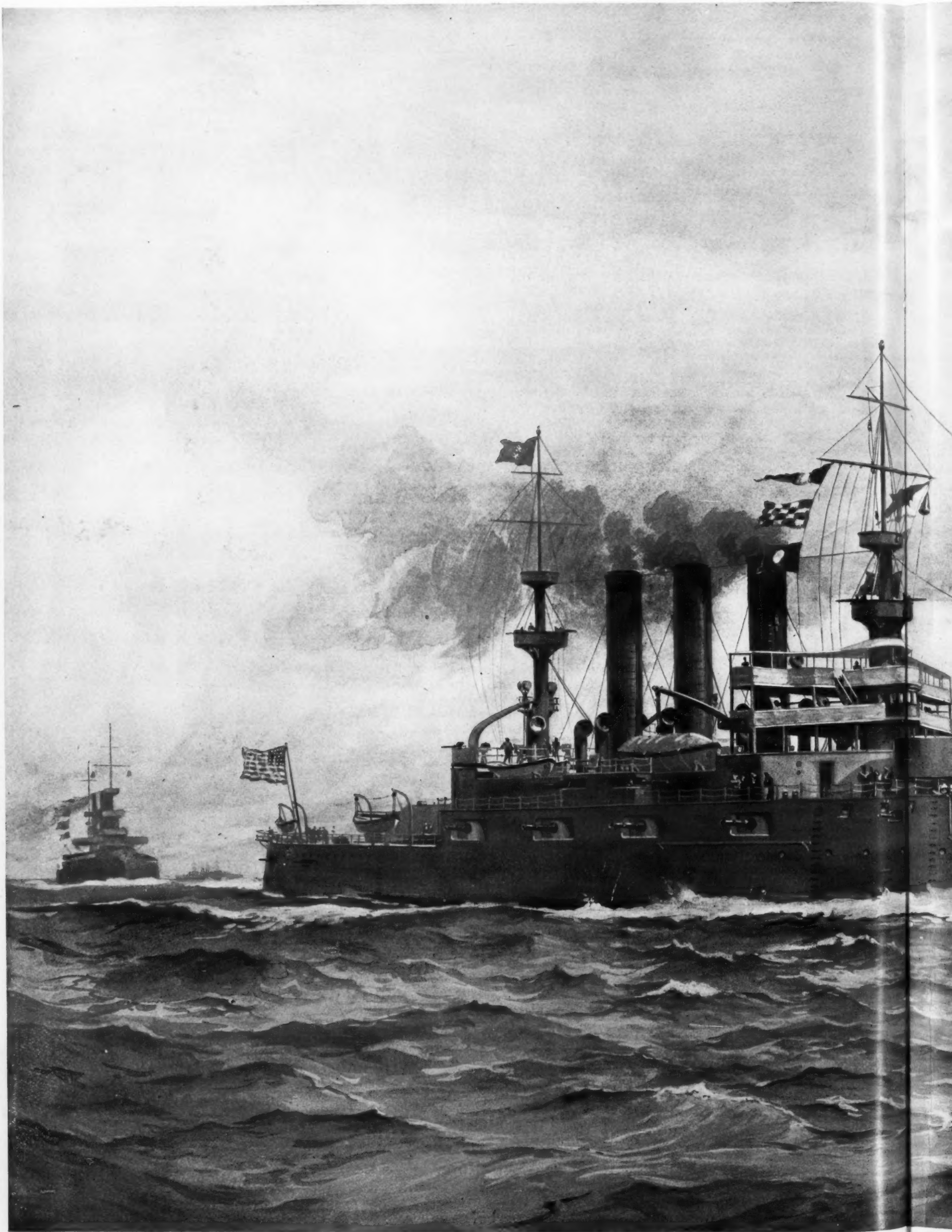


DESTRUCTION OF THE INTERIOR OF THE FORT AT MALATE—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE DAY AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

### THE DEFENSES OF MANILA.

HOW THEY APPEARED AFTER ADMIRAL DEWEY'S WELL-TRAINED GUNNERS HAD FINISHED THEIR EFFECTIVE WORK.

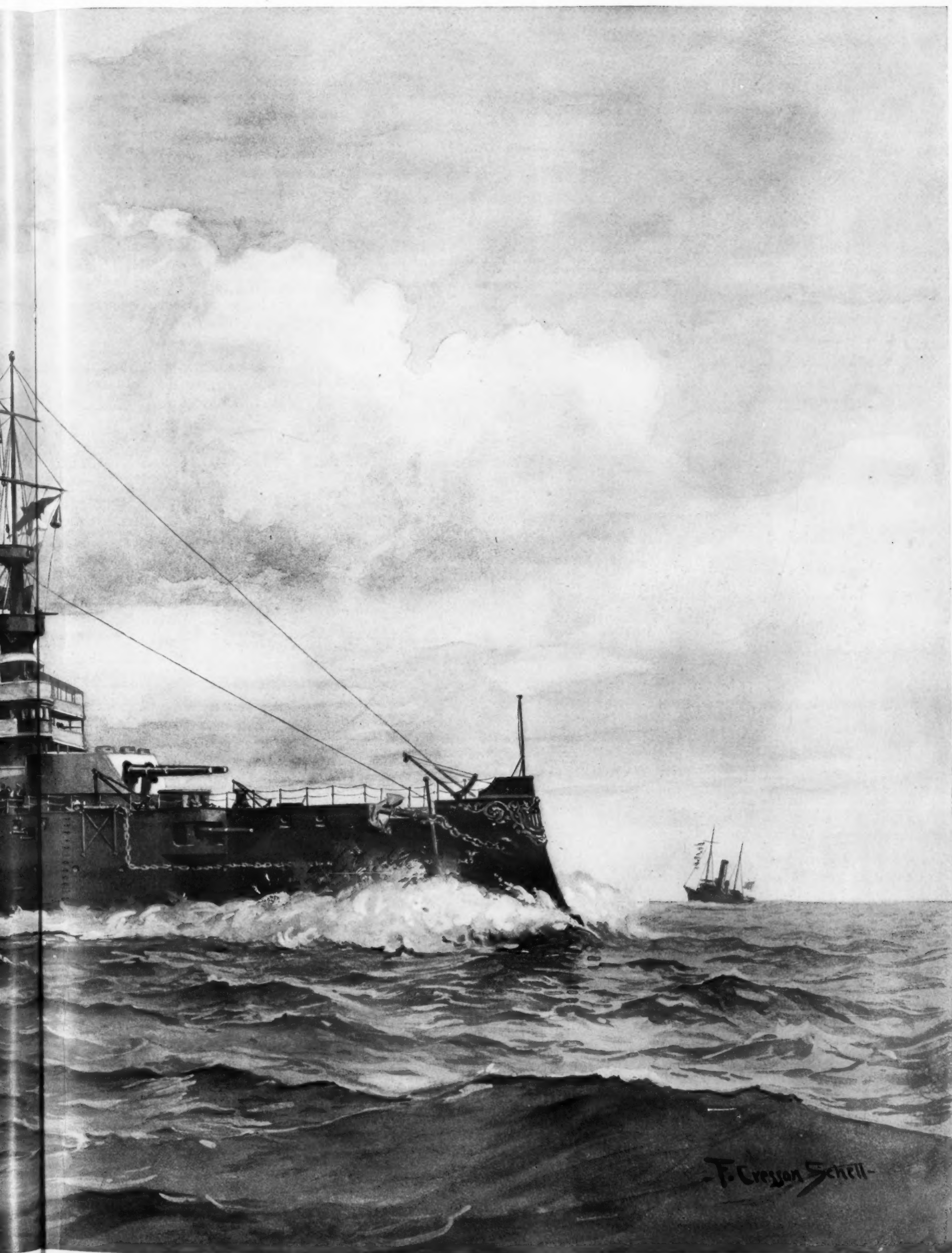




THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE," AS FORMIDABLE AS ANY IN

NOW BEING BUILT BY THE CRAMPS, AT PHILADELPHIA, TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE BATTLE-SHIP DESTROYED





S ANY IN THE WORLD—TONNAGE, 12,150; SPEED, 18½ KNOTS.

LE SHIP DESTROYED IN HAVANA HARBOR—IF SHE IS EVER SUNK, MAY IT BE IN A FAIR FIGHT!—[SEE PAGE 431.]

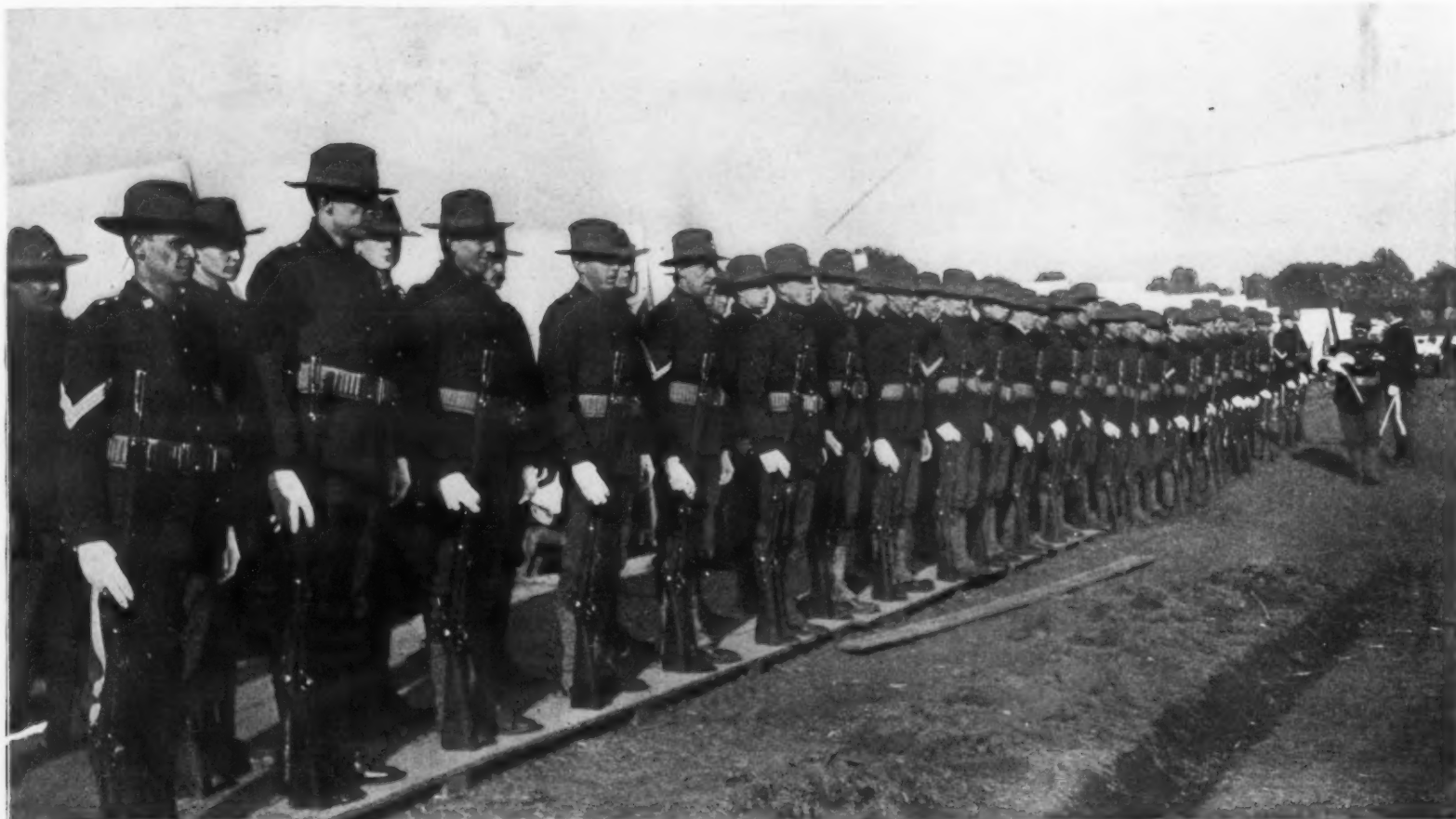




IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.



CAMP WILMER, NEAR BALTIMORE, WHERE THE MARYLAND BOYS WERE CARED FOR.



MARYLAND'S HANDSOME FIFTH REGIMENT ON REVIEW.

### THE FAMOUS MARYLAND FIFTH.

BALTIMORE'S CRACK COMMAND, WHICH PROMPTLY TENDERED ITS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 341.]



### THE NEGLECTED GRAVES OF THE HEROES OF THE "MAINE."

THEY LIE BURIED IN THE CITY CEMETERY AT KEY WEST, FLORIDA, COVERED BY WEEDS AND GRASS.—[SEE PAGE 431.]



## New York's Jewish Quarter.

ONE OF NEW YORK'S STRANGE SIGHTS—THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF HESTER STREET—BARGAINING AND BARTERING DAY AND NIGHT—EVERYTHING FOR SALE—THE POLICEMAN IS THE AUTOCRAT.

In all of the great cities of the world there is a section which is distinctively known as "the foreign quarter." Cosmopolitan New York has many such sections. The tendency of immigrants is to herd according to nationality or race. The latest new-comers, ignorant of our idioms and ways, desire to dwell near to those who, while they cling in some degree to the habits of the home country, have acquired a knowledge of American customs. Hence New York has sections some of which are occupied by Germans, and others by French, Italians, Bohemians, Scandinavians, Jews, Chinese, and representatives of other races.

There are students of sociology who believe that the Jews are the most numerous class of foreigners in the city. Some have put their number at 400,000—perhaps too high a figure. Until a few years ago our acquaintance with the Jews was confined to those of English or German birth, who after their arrival here became traders or financiers. The irruption of Israelites from old Russia and denationalized Poland introduced us to people who, fleeing from oppression, brought with them little else than a desire to obtain employment. They have shown us that, contrary to our former impression, the Jew could be mechanical as well as speculative. The large majority of workers on garments in New York City are now Jews. Many of them are carpenters. Others are shoemakers, and others still make cigars, and so on. At first they were willing to work for any wages they could get. But they were not long in learning to strike in genuine Anglo-Saxon fashion, and it is a rare day when some union of garment-workers or tailors is not at odds with employers.

The view in Hester Street, New York, which the artist has realistically depicted is a picture of many similar scenes in the Jewish section. The Russian Jews are found in great numbers in the vicinity of Hester Street. Nearly all are poor—so poor that they cannot afford to make their purchases of necessities at the stores which are so plentiful, and which serve for those whose circumstances are above the dead level of poverty. Hester and all the other streets in its neighborhood are given up to peddlers and venders. Nine-tenths of the merchants must sell so cheaply and in such small lots that they cannot afford to pay rent. They do business in the street, selling at popular prices. Indeed, they are the real "middle-of-the-road" populists. The street is crowded day and night with the residents of this the most densely populated section of the metropolis. To the casual wayfarer the labyrinth of trucks, stands, hand-barrows, pallid men, bargaining women, and romping children becomes one of the most remarkable sights of this city of wonders. The scene is kaleidoscopic. It is full of life and color. The women are generally bareheaded. In passing from one vender to another they usually find time to exchange gossip. The children take care of themselves. They have all sorts of primitive toys—carts made of soap-boxes, dolls constructed of any available material, etc. Some of the urchins propel themselves along the asphalt pavement and through the dense crowd on roller-skates. Nobody objects to a collision, and nobody is expected to apologize for one. The grown people are good-natured, but not demonstrative. The men, especially, take things as they are, unless they become involved in an argument on politics, or on the relative merits of policemen of their acquaintance. Then they are vehement, but not pugnacious.

The policeman is the despot of Hester Street and its neighborhood. He settles all the out-door disputes, stops unfair and too boisterous competition, and sometimes prevents the sale of unwholesome food. The supplies offered by the street merchants include not only food, but all sorts of wearing-apparel and household effects of every name and nature. Those who would see one of the most curious sights of the great city cannot afford to miss a visit to Hester Street. There the out-door life of the poor Jews of the city is on exhibition. Their in-door experience is not without pleasures and ambitions. These people plan in every way to give their children an education. In the City College there are more Jewish students than of any other race. It has been said that all the churches in the city of New York have not sufficient capacity to contain the Jews who are residents of the city. Undoubtedly, owing to their numbers and to the education which the rising generation is receiving, it would seem as if the influence of the Jews is likely to be felt in constantly increasing ratio in the great metropolis.

HENRY McMILLEN.

## The "New Maine."

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT MANIFESTS ITSELF IN THE PROMPT CONSTRUCTION OF A MOST FORMIDABLE WAR-SHIP TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE ONE DESTROYED IN HAVANA HARBOR.

While the original battle-ship *Maine* still lies submerged in Havana harbor, having been too badly shattered by the treacherous mine to be repaired, her memory and glory will be perpetuated by another *Maine*, which will be an even more powerful battle-ship than the one destroyed.

The building of a new *Maine* was one of the first things decided upon by the board of construction of the Navy Department after the army and navy had finished "remembering the *Maine*," in a very practical way. In September contracts were awarded for constructing a new battle-ship, to be called the *Maine*, and also two sister-ships, which have been named, respectively, the *Ohio* and the *Missouri*. The Cramps, of Philadelphia, who have built at least two-thirds of the vessels of our navy, have been awarded the contract for the *Maine*. The Newport News Ship-building Company, at whose yards the battle-ships *Kearsarge*, *Kentucky*, and *Illinois* are now in process of construction, will build the *Ohio*. The *Missouri* will be a product of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco. This company, it will be remembered, constructed the *Oregon*, which, by its journey from San Francisco around Cape Horn and up the South American coast to Santiago in wonderfully

fast time and without a single break of machinery, and by its subsequent magnificent action in its engagements with Sampson's fleet, proved itself to be second to no war-vessel in the world.

With these builders the *Maine*, *Ohio*, and *Missouri* will embody the most advanced ideas in naval construction, and will be fighting-machines from which European Powers may learn lessons. The sister-ships will be substantially the same, therefore a description of the *Maine* will suffice for all.

She will approximate 12,150 tonnage, with a draught of twenty-four feet six inches; water-line of 388 feet, and beam of seventy-two feet. Her guaranteed speed is to be eighteen knots, and she is to have a steaming radius of 6,000 miles. The *Maine* and her sister-ships will be very similar in appearance to the *Alabama*, *Wisconsin*, and *Illinois*, except above the top of the superstructure. Here, instead of two smoke-stacks placed side by side, as in the three ships above mentioned, the *Maine* will have three stacks fore and aft, running along the centre line of the ship. Three stacks instead of two are necessary because of the extra draught required by the greater heating surface and boiler-room. The coal capacity in the *Maine* is also greater than that of the earlier vessels, and for these provisions for superior speed the *Maine* and her sister-ships have been made twenty feet longer than the others.

In armament there is practically no difference between these six vessels. They will be equipped with four thirteen-inch breech-loading rifles, fourteen six-inch rapid-fire guns in broad-side batteries, and twenty-four rapid-fire and machine-guns in the secondary battery. The vessels will be armored with ten-inch Kruppized plating.

## The Famous Maryland Fifth.

BALTIMORE'S CRACK REGIMENT OF PROFESSIONAL AND SOCIETY MEN.

THE order of the War Department mobilizing the militia in various States gave many of the "crack" regiments a taste of military life in dead earnest. The famous Fifth Regiment, of Maryland, is one of the swell commands which was mustered in. It is to the South what the Seventh Regiment, of New York, is to the North. It is composed largely of professional men, bankers, and other members of the highest type of Baltimore society. When the call for volunteers was made, the Fifth quickly offered its services, and after three weeks of the hardest kind of life under canvas, most of which was in the rainy season, it started for Chickamauga, having discarded its uniform of gray and white for Uncle Sam's blue. The people of New York, Boston, and many other cities who have seen the Fifth on parade, when it has visited those cities, would scarcely recognize the members in their camp garb. They have given an example of the loyalty and devotion to the flag which has been shown by Southern troops generally. It is distinctively a Southern organization, as many of the members were in the Confederate army, and most of its officers were under fire with such leaders as Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet.

## Remember the Heroes' Graves.

THE heroes of the *Maine* are buried in the City Cemetery at Key West, Florida, and the ladies of that city have been visiting the graves once a week and placing flowers on them. They are buried near a large tree. Grass has grown over the graves. Flags were placed over the graves, and were renewed on Decoration Day. The neglect to keep the plot in order is caused by the city's failure to pay the sexton sufficient to do the work, or to hire help to have it done. The commandant of the naval station has a number of men that he could well afford to send and clear up the lot. The populace of Key West are raising a fund for the purpose of erecting a monument to the heroes. The government should take the matter in hand.

## Wall Street—The Rising Tide.

CONSERVATIVE financiers are beginning to change their minds regarding the Wall-Street situation. Many believe that unless some serious foreign complication occurs we are on the eve of a period of wild speculation, and for this reason: The \$650,000,000, representing the balance of trade in our favor, that Europe sent to us during the past year, has mostly gone, for the payment of wheat, corn, and other food products, to the Western farmers. They have paid their mortgages and have deposited their surplus in Western banks. A vast accumulation of money in the West has been the result. Western banks have sent this surplus to the East and placed it in our banks of deposit, which have been paying, and are still foolish enough to pay, two per cent. on bank balances. The rate of interest in the West has usually been one per cent. higher than the rate in the East, and every fall New York has sent large amounts of money to the West to help carry the crops.

An anomalous situation is presented this year, however. The West is not asking money from the East, but is sending its surplus to us, and our banks are embarrassed by a plethora of loanable funds without the opportunity to lend them. Commercial paper of the best kind is scarce, and gilt-edged loans are made at as low as three and three and a half per cent. The condition of the New York banks has been favorable to mercantile loans, and probably has enabled some borrowers to get money more easily than ever. In this emergency the New York banks have loaned about \$200,000,000 in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, the money centres of Europe. But the flood of cash continues to pour in upon them, and as opportunities for its investment diminish, the opportunities for speculation on Wall Street increase, for an easy money market is always a stimulant to speculation. Purchases of stocks are more generously made when loans can be obtained freely upon them as security.

If this condition continues for any length of time—and many bankers expect it to continue—experienced financiers look for a rising tide of speculation on Wall Street, one of the old-fashioned kind that will send everything up, even the worthless "cats and dogs." I have said, and I still believe, that the high-priced stock and bonds are now at a pretty stiff figure, and it has seemed as if it was about time for a reaction. But if the

accumulation of money at this point continues, it will not be surprising if there should be a sudden and rapid advance which may carry with it the low-priced bonds, and ultimately all the low-priced stocks. The man who desires to take a chance in this speculative lottery of Wall Street should therefore buy the cheapest things in the market, provided he has money enough to pay for them, and put them away and keep them, but not keep them too long after a profit is in sight.

"K. G." Poughkeepsie: I will make inquiries, investigate, and report shortly.

"L." Philadelphia: The Southern Railway is making an excellent showing, and an effort is making to advance its price. I should watch the market closely, if I held it.

"X. T. K." Charleston, South Carolina: The three-per-cent. Government bonds are selling at from 105 to 105½. Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway, New York, or any other reliable house, will no doubt give you the quotation and sell them for you at any time.

"P." Poughkeepsie, New York: Insiders predict a rise in Louisville and Nashville. The earnings are increasing and the stock will advance if its managers can manipulate the market. Intrinsically, however, it can not be classed with the dividend-payers.

"Widow." Milwaukee: I would not sell my People's Gas. The general impression is that it is about to advance, and this impression is sustained by information from those who have much to do with the property. It is paying six per cent. and earning more than that, and many predict that it will shortly sell up to 120 on its merits.

"G." Duluth, Minnesota: It is impossible to give you the information you ask regarding American Sugar. No report of its earnings is published, and it is entirely subject to the wishes of the insiders who control it. The existing competition ought to lower its price, but this competition may be closed at any time by settlement or agreement between the contending parties.

"O." Colorado Springs, Colorado: (1) Chicago and Northwestern preferred pays seven per cent. Very little of it is in the market. The last sales were at about 180. Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul preferred pays seven per cent. and the last sale was at about 162. Both of these stocks are gilt-edged and one who holds them need not worry. That is why they sell so high. Northwestern preferred sold a year ago at 162, and Milwaukee preferred at 140. (2) The dividends on railroad stocks are payable in current funds, either silver or gold. The interest on bonds is payable in currency, unless gold is stipulated. In these times nearly all railroad bonds stipulate the payment of interest and principal in gold. Almost any leading broker will send you a little pamphlet giving you the facts and figures in reference to the prominent railroads. Spencer, Trask & Co., of New York City, also publish one such book. Henry Clews & Co., of New York City, also publish one. These are usually sent free on application. (3) I recommended bank and gas stocks in one of my articles, not intending to include all banks and gas companies, but only those whose earnings reveal a surplus, and whose management is known to the investor. There are many banks and many gas companies with whose securities I would have nothing to do. The panic year, as you say, proved that these are not always the best investments, especially in the West. (4) I cannot tell you in reference to the Boston securities. They are not dealt in on Wall Street.

"G. S. W." Louisville, Kentucky: The Southern Railway first five, Norfolk and Western Consolidated four, the Chesapeake and Ohio four-and-one-half, and the Louisville and Nashville unified four all, at this writing, with the exception of the Southern Railway, are selling at less than par. No one regards them as a "permanent investment," but they are looked upon by everybody as a fair purchase at prevailing prices. They are not, however, bonds in which trust estates should invest. A permanent investment would seek a bond selling higher and yielding less profit. However, I think for the present the investment will be remunerative, and later, perhaps, a profitable change can be made by selling the bonds and putting the money, on a declining market, in the choicest investment securities. I think I would prefer the Atchafalpa general four to any of the bonds named. The Louisville and Nashville unified four seem to me to be the best of the lot. There are underlying bonds to a considerable extent on most of these properties. It must be borne in mind that the Southern Railway in 1900 will replace some of its maturing seven-per-cent. by its new five-per-cent. bonds, and thus effect a considerable saving. Chesapeake and Ohio is regarded by many with special favor, and all the railroads mentioned have more or less to do with the trade of the South, which is constantly improving. Why not place a part of your investment in American Cable, paying five per cent. and selling at less than par? It has the guarantee of the Western Union Company behind it, and, in my judgment, is better than any of the bonds here mentioned, and will yield a higher rate of interest. Consolidated preferred, at ninety, paying six per cent., I think is also as good as any of the bonds referred to. JASPER.

## Insurance—"Estimates" No Good.

"G." WRITING from Canajoharie, New York, presents the facts in reference to a policy which he took out in the Manhattan Life. He was offered a very low premium for the first two years, but this premium was doubled for the ensuing eighteen years, during the term of his policy. The settlement which he was to receive at the end of the twenty-year period involved certain guaranteed returns and certain "estimated" returns. Of course no reliance can be placed upon the "estimates." That is distinctly understood by every insurance company and should be understood by every person who is insured. "G." adds that he supposed his policy was a fairly good one at the time he took it, but that an agent of another company now tells him that he has made a mistake, and that he had better take paid-up insurance in the Manhattan Life, as the law allows, drop his policy, and take out one in a larger concern.

"G." asks if I would favor his making the change, and if I think his policy is a poor one. I make this letter a text, because it is one of many of similar purport that I receive, and all of which I am always glad to answer. If "G." is influenced by a comparison of the "estimated" returns of his policy and of the "estimated" returns offered by the policies of other companies, he is improperly influenced. The real basis of comparison should be made on the guaranteed returns. If the agent of any other company will guarantee, with the consent of his company, better returns at the close of the insured period for "G." than the Manhattan Life guarantees, of course a change would be advisable, provided the company which makes the offer is as strong and stands as well as the Manhattan.

"A. B. H." Phoenixville, Pennsylvania: I do not find the name of the association you mention in the annual report of the superintendent of insurance of New York. Have you given it to me correctly?

"L. B." Newport, Kentucky: Are you sure you have given me the proper name of the company? I do not find it mentioned in the report of the Superintendent of Insurance of New York. Perhaps it does no business in this State.

"S." Princeton, Minnesota: The Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, is a mutual old-line company, reporting receipts during 1897 of nearly \$2,200,000, of which it paid to its policy-holders \$1,106,000, and for miscellaneous expenses less than \$200,000, which is not a bad showing.

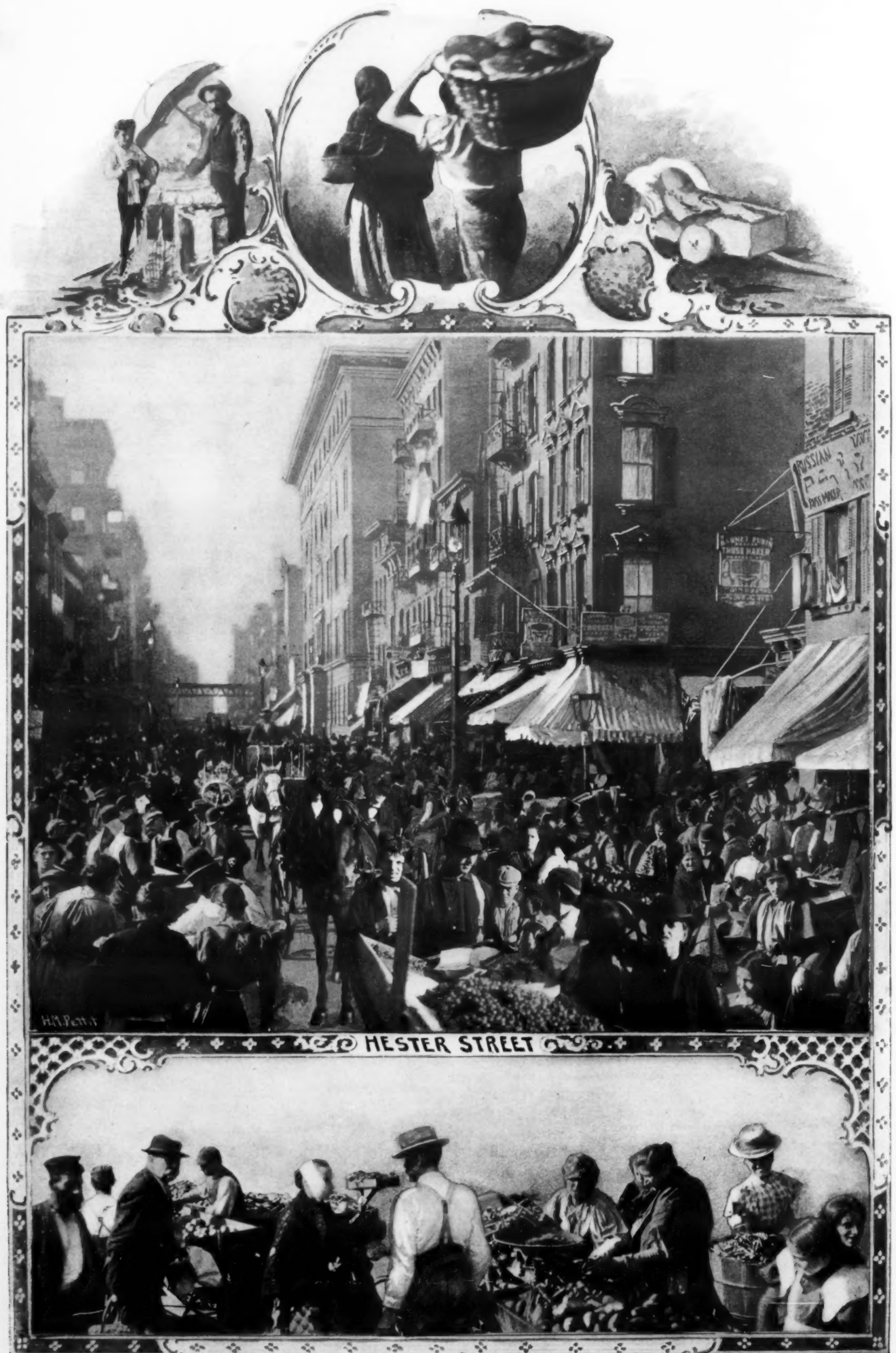
"Hudson." New York: The National Life Association, of Hartford, Connecticut, is not a very large concern and reports a considerable amount of losses not adjusted. A committee of dissatisfied policy-holders recently asked the insurance commissioner of Connecticut for advice as they proposed to resist the demands of the company. The insurance commissioner held that the company was not violating the terms of its contract with the policy-holders. It is an assessment concern. I have more than once explained to my readers the reasons why I do not believe in the assessment plan of insurance.

*The Hermit.*

## BEST BECAUSE NATURAL.

THE market is flooded with so-called baby foods. Experience demonstrates that scientifically-prepared cow's milk is the best, when the natural supply fails. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food.





ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK—THE JEWISH QUARTER.

MID-DAY SCENES IN HESTER STREET, WHILE CROWDED WITH PEDDLERS AND VENDERS OF EVERY KIND.—[SEE PAGE 431.]



# THE PRUDENTIAL

VOLUME XV.

NEWARK, N. J., AUGUST, 1898.

NUMBER 4.

## Helping a Hero's Widow.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Chief Yeoman of the Brooklyn, the only man killed in the great naval action off Santiago on July 3, which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's entire fleet and the capture of the Admiral, officers and men, was insured in The Prudential—had been for ten years. When fifteen years of age a small policy was issued to his parents on the boy's life, and later a second policy. The aggregate of the two policies—over \$350—was promptly paid to the young widow, Mrs. Sarah M. Ellis, who resides at 819 Dean street, Brooklyn. She is left with an infant seven months old. The crew of the Brooklyn have raised a fund of about \$1,000 for Mrs. Ellis, so that with the pension she will receive from the Government, she and her little one are secured against pecuniary distress. Yeoman Ellis was twenty-five years of age. The office of Yeoman is an important one. The Yeoman has charge of all the ship's stores, such as rigging, armament, ammunition, paint, oil, canvas, everything, literally, from a needle to an anchor—that is, everything outside of the food, clothing, cash and medical stores. He keeps account of everything on board the ship in the way of ship supplies, and issues nothing to any one on board, not even a broom or a marline spike, without an order from the executive officer. He heads the list of first-class petty officers and ranks with a Sergeant Major in the army.

The following communication explains itself:

John F. Dryden, Esq.,  
Pres't of Prudential Insurance Co.

Dear Sir:—

I desire to express my thanks to you for the prompt payment of the insurance on my late husband, George H. Ellis' policies, who was killed in the naval battle at Santiago, July 3, 1898.

I recommend very highly The Prudential Insurance Company, as I received \$11.26 more than my policies called for.

Very respectfully,  
Sarah M. Ellis.

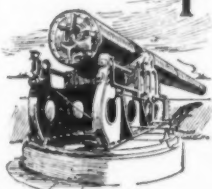
## Mohammed on True Charity.

EVERY GOOD act is charity: Your smiling in your brother's face; your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty, is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies people will ask, What property has he left behind? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?  
—From a Sermon by Mohammed.

## Age of "Old Glory."

"Old Glory" is older than the present flag of Great Britain, which was established in 1801; than the flag of Spain, which was established in 1785; than the French tricolor, decreed in 1794; than the flag of Portugal, established in 1830; than the Italian tricolor, established in 1848; than the flags of the old Empires of China and Japan, and of the Empire of Germany, which represents the sovereignty of fourteen distinct States, established in 1870.

## The Largest in the World.



THE new 126-ton gun, intended to be placed on Romer Shoal, just north of Sandy Hook, New York, and now receiving its finishing touches at Watervliet arsenal, is the largest cannon in the world, six tons heavier and five feet longer than the

## Her Papa.

My papa 's all dressed up to-day;  
He never looked so fine;  
I thought when I first looked at him,  
My papa was n't mine.

He 's got a beautiful new suit—  
The old one was so old—  
It 's blue, with buttons, O, so bright,  
I guess they must be gold.

And papa 's sort o' glad and sort  
O' sad—I wonder why?  
And every time she looks at him  
It makes my mamma cry.

Who 's Uncle Sam? My papa says  
That he belongs to him;  
But papa 's joking, 'cause he knows  
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me  
And mamma. And I guess  
The folks are blind who cannot see  
His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He 's ours—and yet  
My mamma can't help cry,  
And papa tries to smile at me  
And can't—I wonder why?

—Mary Norton Bradford in Insurance Critic.

## Great Men's Opinions of Women.

The society of ladies is the school of politeness. —Montaigne.

## Profit-Sharing Life Insurance Policies.

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Premiums Payable Weekly.

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|----------------------|-------------------|
| Biliousness,         | Constipation,     |
| Torpid Liver,        | Dyspepsia,        |
| Sallow Skin,         | Indigestion,      |
| Headache,            | Loss of Appetite, |
| Weakness,            | Waterbrash,       |
| Nervousness,         | Heartburn,        |
| Sleeplessness,       | Wind,             |
| Backache,            | General Debility, |
| Dizziness,           | Loss of Memory,   |
| Ringing in the Ears, | Female Ailments   |

and various kindred Bilious and Nervous Disorders.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

25c. at all Drug Stores.

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The Southern Railway announces, effective November 1st, excursion tickets will be sold at greatly reduced rates for the winter resorts of the South. The service this year for reaching the winter resorts will be perfect in every respect. The trains operated by this system are most luxuriously furnished, operating dining, sleeping, drawing-room cars. For full particulars regarding the rates call on or address Alexander S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.



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An exquisiteness, a little marvel just created, and of which our mundanes will be passionately fond, the Flower Sachet. Is it not a pretty idea?—roses, violets, pinks, presented in their natural shape, exhaling the sweetest natural and lasting scent, forming the most delicate decoration for stone and crystal ware, filling wardrobes and apartments with their sweet breath, scenting everything around them with their permeating perfume, and so advantageously replacing the former sachets, whose scent becomes insipid and wears out. The Flower Sachet is a marvel, I tell you. It is signed "Oriza."

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

#### GOING WEST

on the through cars and fast trains of the New York Central and Hudson River and the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," you will experience comfort in a high degree. All trains passing Niagara Falls by daylight stop five minutes at Falls View station.

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Nothing contributes more to digestion than Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

**Advice to Mothers:** MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

#### The Sense of Heat and Fatigue will quickly vanish

after a bath with

**Glenn's**

**Sulphur Soap**

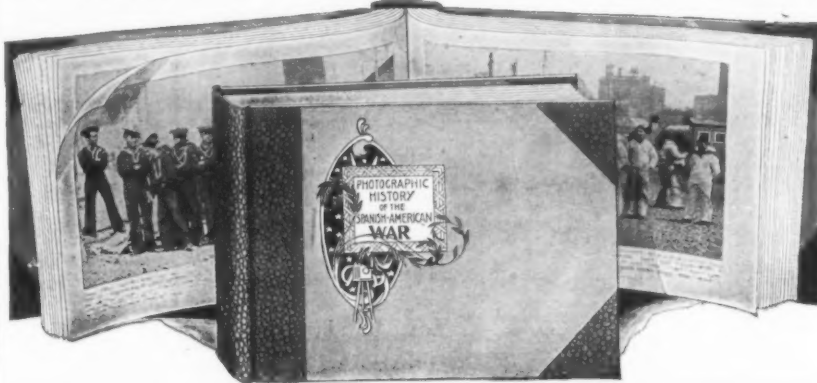
It removes impurities and cures the disagreeable itching skin eruptions so common in the summer time.

CAUTION:—Glenn's Sulphur Soap (the only "original") is incomparable and wonderful in its remedial effects. Take no other. Of druggists.

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A Spirited History of the War, its Causes, Conduct and Close.  
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Spain's Ships—Before and After.  
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Our New Colonies.

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Hon. Jno. D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, says: "I have found the views extremely interesting."

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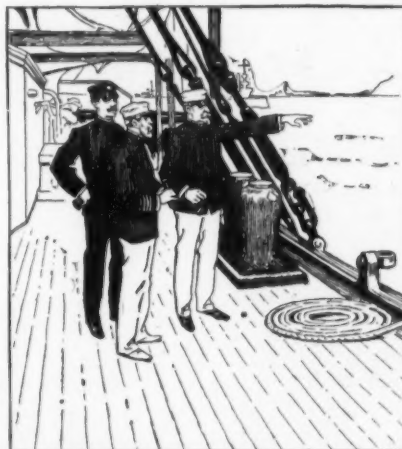
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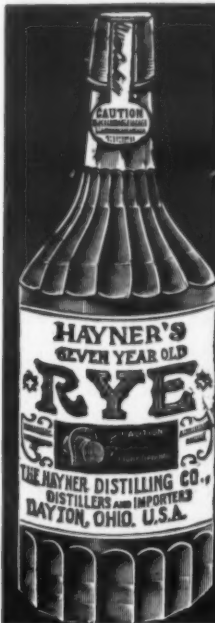


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Hayner Distilling Co., 308 to 314 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.

References—Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton or Cincinnati.

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